THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 73. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 30

CONTRAST.

BY BELLE BREMER.

Life was so fair. The tender flowers upreared
To bloom about the pathway that our feet
Trod softly in; and warm the bland winds swept
About the happy land; life was so sweet.

Life is so dark. The faded flowers we find
Are bitter rue; the land is never glad.
The sun is veiled by sombre clouds; the wind
Blows grievingly and cold; life is so sad.

From the Dead Past.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SORUB," "A BITTER CUP," "LOVER AND LORD," "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "A SILVER WEDDING," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

BUT this time, though Maggie has returned with fresh energy to her old grievances, Trix does not heed the reproach. She looks across the court again. Con has succeeded in driving away her companion's dismal mood; he is laughing heartily at some small jest of hers, and is evidently now absorbed in the game. He has got over other and greater sorrows, the watcher thinks, a little sadly; he will survive and conquer this. Her first duty is not to him, healthy, active, self-sufficing, but to the beautiful unhappy sister, whose life lies under so strange a blight, who, if she deserts her, will be penniless and alone in the world.

"No, they are far from right," she answers Maggie's question slowly, as these and other troubled thoughts flit through her mind. "I am very unhappy about Rosalie. I think with her everything is wrong."

"Another and more subtle form of coercion," Maggie cries scornfully. "She knew how to treat you, Trix—agreed to all you said, and then fell ill."

"No—it was not that. She denies that she is ill, but she seems burnt up with fever, Maggie. No—don't look so incredulous. If you saw her you would not doubt that she is either very unhappy or very ill. She does not eat or sleep."

"Does she tell you so?"

"No, she denies that too; but I hear her wandering about the house at night or sobbing in her room. Fancy Rosalie sobbing! I never saw her shed a tear before."

"Have you not asked what ails her?" Maggie says, a little taken aback by the full conviction of the other's tone. Trix may be easily led through her affections, but she is not stupid or easily duped.

"I have asked a hundred times, but got only an impatient 'nothing' for reply. I even—don't think me weak, Maggie—I suggested yesterday that it might be well to leave Wilminster after all."

"And she accepted the offer?"

"She said almost angrily that she had no wish to go, and moreover that she would not go now."

"And gave no reason?"

"None! I am left completely in the dark. If any one knows anything about the matter, it is Dora."

"Dora?" Maggie echoes, looking both puzzled and vexed. "I have noticed that a great intimacy has sprung up between those two lately, and, truth to tell, I don't like it at all. We are discussing our sisters with refreshing frankness, Trix, and I will say that wherever Dora meddles mischief is sure to come."

"But what can Dora do?"

"I don't know—that is just the difficulty; but I have a dread of some trouble all the same."

"Why should Dora take up a close friendship with Rosalie just now? It is not like Rose, either, to make a girl friend, yet the two seem quite inseparable. I left them together."

"And here they are together now," Maggie breaks in, with a vivid flush of excitement or anger, Trix Massey cannot say which. "Trix, I don't know, I cannot guess what brings your sister here, and makes her break through her rules and act so strangely; but I do believe I know the motive of mine."

"And that is?"

"A shameful and cruel one," Maggie cries between her teeth. "She is jealous of poor little Dolly's good fortune. She wants to make mischief between her and Walter, and she trusts to Rosalie's beauty and that queer power she has of attracting people."

"Maggie!" Trix's face is full of pain and shame, but Maggie sees no surprise there, and says, with a short sigh—

"I see! The same idea has struck you. It is a cruel trick, one of Dora's, and we can only hope it will fail. At any rate, we can take no notice, and I must go and speak to Rosalie now. You are right, Trix"—as they move together across the smooth lawn and join the party in the tennis-court—"she is looking ill; but how very beautiful!"

Ill indeed Rosalie looks, as she stands in the full glow of the sunshine, looking with grave eyes into Sir Walter Brackenbury's face, as, with something of mock ceremony, Con comes forward, racket in hand, to introduce the pair; but here is a beauty that nothing seems to be able to spoil.

"Sir Walter Brackenbury seems already an old friend," she says, extending a slender gloved hand, which, to Con's intense surprise, the man so flatteringly greeted seems strangely slow to take. "We need hardly go through the formalities of slight acquaintanceship — eh, Dolly?"

"Well, I suppose not," Dolly says, with a vague little laugh, looking exceptionally pretty herself in her tennis dress of blue and white, with the racket poised over her shoulder. She glances eagerly from Rosalie Hurst to her lover, wondering what impression each has made upon the other.

It is a purely innocent curiosity. Not even Dora's persistently spiteful speeches have served to rouse any jealousy or suspicions in Dolly Marsden's mind, though they have made her just a little unhappy at times. She loves and trusts her lover so entirely, she is so happy in the full assurance of his love, that to grudge another the tribute of his passing admiration would seem to her indeed a mean and paltry thing.

"He must admire Rosalie," she thinks, as she makes her brief reply to Mrs. Hurst's appeal. "He must wonder why so beautiful a woman should bury herself alive down here. He has been everywhere, seen all sorts of celebrated beauties; but he never saw lovelier eyes, more perfect features, or— It is curious though! She never looked more exquisite than she does now. And yet one would say that he did not admire her a bit."

The same thought at the same moment strikes and puzzles Maggie, Con, and Trix, for there is anything but admiration or pleasure to be read in Brackenbury's always frank face. His whole bearing—as a rule, so gallant, easy, and ease-inspiring—does not certainly show to advantage through the ordeal of this introduction. A curious rigidity seems to make his speech and movements alike awkward and difficult. He does not indeed reject the proffered hand, but barely touches the delicate finger-tips and draws his own back as though he found the contact unpleasant. Then, answering the pretty speech with some embarrassed halting syllables, he turns hastily, with a muttered excuse about the game.

"I won't ask if you admire Rosalie Hurst," says Dolly to her lover when they have resumed the game; "it would be simply an insult to your taste. Is she not lovely?"

"Very lovely," he answers curtly, but with very little enthusiasm in his tone. Dolly looks at him with a queer flickering light of amusement and satisfaction in her eyes.

"But you don't like her much?" she asks, lowering her voice to a coaxing whisper and drawing a little nearer to her lover's side. "It is horridly mean of me, dear, but I am glad. Though she is Trix's sister, and Trix is a darling, I—don't—like—her—a—bit!' The last words drop slowly and in a penitential tone from the rosy lips; the blue eyes seek Walter's face a little doubtfully, but read there only assent.

"Of course not," he says almost roughly; "it is not likely that you would!"

* * * * * *

Having once broken the ice and emerged from her long seclusion, Rosalie Hurst becomes a frequent visitor not only at the Rectory, but at the various rather scattered houses and whose inhabitants compose the "society" of Wilminster. Trix hardly knows whether to be pleased at the change or not; it is one she has often striven to bring about, and Rosalie, when out, certainly seems brighter, happier, and more beautiful than ever, though at home she is haunted still by the old feverish depression; but still——

"I don't suppose she means any harm, and I am sure he does not; no one can doubt his affection for Dolly," Trix muses, as with very mixed feelings she watches her sister and Walter Brackenbury talking at the garden gate. "I don't think he even likes Rosalie; and yet she seems to have a certain spell for him—a spell to which he submits most reluctantly. Why does she keep him now? What is she saying, I wonder, to bring that troubled look on his face? And there is Dolly coming down the hill—with Dora too, who will make all the spiteful speeches she can think of. Rose must see them, though he cannot. Does she wish to be caught, I wonder?"

It would almost seem as though she did wish to be caught, for, as she catches sight of the two girls' figures drawing momentarily nearer, she bends her delicate dark head till it almost brushes Brackenbury's shoulder, and lays her hand caressingly upon his wrist. Trix winces as she seems the familiar gesture, and thinks of those other eyes that see it too.

"Poor dear little Dolly!" she cries indignantly. "I know so well what Dora will say, and, whether it means much or little, that lover like tableau is not a pretty sight for her. Well, I can spoil its significance by turning the duet into a trio. Dora cannot pretend that he was flirting with us both."

With this new and, as she thinks, altogether satisfactory idea, Trix hurries down-stairs and up the garden path. As she wends her way through the shrubbery, she is completely hidden from all eyes, and the pair at the gate are apparently too much absorbed in each other to hear her step; but the wind wafts the sound of their lowered voices to her, and she catches a few words that send the blood in a hot torrent to her face, then it becomes deathly pale.

"Walter, be merciful!" she hears her sister say, in a tone of pitiful and passionate entreaty. "I am foolish, imprudent, whatever you may choose to call me; but I must speak! Your coldness is killing me—is breaking my heart!"

It is almost a relief, and yet in a sense it is painful too to Trix, to find that there is no answering passion in the man's deep tones.

"I must speak plainly—even brutally to you, Rosalie. I will not be compromised by your 'imprudence;' I will not have Dolly hurt."

"But you will break my heart!"

"No, I think not," he says, after a few seconds' pause, seeming to utter the harsh words reluctantly. "I may cross your projects, Rose; but is it possible for me of all men to believe that you have a heart to break?"

"Yes," she answers, with frantic vehemence—"you of all men should believe it—should know it best! Do you think because I was merciless to him, whom I hated, who had so cruelly, shamefully wronged me, that I have no heart for you, whom I love? Yes—love!"

"Rosalie!"

Trix comes suddenly forward, and finds herself face to face with Dolly, whose pretty face wears, she thinks, a new look of fear and pain.

"She cannot have heard," Trix thinks anxiously. "But she must have seen how close was their colloquy, how embarrassed they are now."

And indeed Brackenbury, as he turns to greet his little sweetheart and her sister, presents a picture of confusion and conscious guilt that makes Dora's small shrewd eyes sparkle merrily, while, knowing her sister's power of self-control, distrusting her more consciously, though not perhaps more strongly, than she has ever done before, Trix thinks that Rosalie's embarrassment is made even ostentatiously apparent.

But, whatever Dolly feels or thinks, she suppresses all signs of anger or surprise with a womanly pride for which Trix had hardly given the childish girl credit. She smiles brightly at her lover, says a word or two to Rosalie, who stands in a penitent pose, with her eyes fixed immovably on the buckle of her shoe, then turns to Trix and says—

"You should have been with us this afternoon, Trix. We have had an adventure, and been rescued by a hero of romance."

"Rescued!" Brackenbury cries, roused from his awkward silence by the word, and looking with quick and keen anxiety at the girl. "From what? Have you been in any danger, Dolly?"

His voice and look bring the color back to the girl's face; her heart is gladdened by a confident feeling that she is the one all-important person in the world to him, even though he may be led away to flirt with Rosalie. But she does not wish any one else to see, she will not acknowledge even to herself how intense is her relief, so she turns her face away, as she answers, with a little laugh—

"No! Danger?—no! And I—we have been rescued from an unpleasant predicament. I am afraid, with every desire to make the most of our adventure, we cannot call it much more—eh, Dora?"

"You seem disposed to make little of everything," Dora retorts. She is more vexed than she can well say to find that the promising situation they had chanced upon seems likely to end without a scene. "It was uncomfortable enough while it lasted, and every bit of it your own fault."

"Naturally," Dolly assents, with irritating composure. "Though I don't know that we should have mended matters much by taking to our heels when the wild man of the woods appeared."

"Wild man of the woods?" Walter echoes sharply. "Good heavens, child, I hope you did not meet my tramp!"

And in the same breath, Trix, who feels that she must speak at any cost, though her shamed and troubled thoughts are busy with other things than Dolly's trivial story, cries with affected cheerioness—

"Tell us the story, dear. Don't deal in these dark mysterious hints. And tell us above all who was the 'hero of romance,' the rescuing knight."

Before Dolly can answer, Dora breaks in, with a sneering laugh—

"You might call him one, Trix. I am afraid he would seem a most prosaic person to any one else. It was Charlie Clayden who helped us out of our fix."

"Most promptly and most kindly as it is in his nature to help every one," Dolly cries, with a swift glance at Trix's troubled face. Then she turns again to her lover and says, "I do not know whether it was your tramp, Walter, but we met one——"

"A tall thin man, even dirtier and dustier than tramps generally are, with hair all over his face, and a cough that seems to shake him to pieces!"

"Yes, it must be the same. A horrid wretch, with fierce eyes that made one shudder," Dora puts in. "He came whining and snuffling after us, saying he had slept under hedges, and lived on berries and nuts for Heaven knows how long—told the old hackneyed tramp's story, in fact. I wanted to quicken our pace and push past him; but Dolly is such a soft credulous little idiot, she must stay and listen, then be moved to sympathy, then take out her purse, and then——"

"The man snatched at it?" Walter asks, with a hardening face and voice. But Dolly answers promptly—

"Indeed, no. The poor fellow made good the truth of his story, and his claim on our pity, by falling in a fit at our feet. Oh, it was dreadful to see him, Walter"—forgetting her late grievance and drawing a little nearer to her lover's side in the eagerness of her pity—"a strong man, and not, I think, a very old one, struck down like that, and, as Charlie said, almost starved to death!"

Tears make her bright eyes brighter still. Walter Brackenbury draws the little hand within his arm and gazes down into the sweet upraised face with a look of absolute adoration—a look that sends a keen pain through Rosalie Hurst's heart.

"He can melt like wax for that baby, that doll!" she thinks, with fierce vindictiveness. "And he can be iron and adamant to me—to me who dared and lost all for his sake! How touching!" Rosalie startles them all by the discordant laugh with which she joins in the conversation for the first time. "But I don't suppose your tramp was a Christian martyr suffering for his convictions, Dolly. I suppose crime only could have driven him to lead the life of a hunted wild beast."

As she utters the last words with a defiant show of heartlessness, Walter Brackenbury, whose whole attention has hitherto been given to the girl beside him, looks quickly up and straight at her. It is the strangest look possible, Dolly thinks, with a sharp pang of wounded faith; and it has the strangest effect. Meeting it, Rosalie becomes ghastly pale, and her large eyes darken and lose half their beauty in a wild gaze of craven fear.

"I—I am a little hard, perhaps," she stammers, with a broken, half-apologetic laugh. "The man may after all be not a criminal, but the mere victim of an unlucky fate."

"The man probably was just what he appears to be—a particularly unsavory specimen of the dirty and disagreeable tramp," Dora cries. "I don't know why Dolly should have made such a fuss about leaving him in the road, which is his real and only suitable home; I don't know why we should make such a fuss about him now."

"But you did not leave him in the road, Dolly?" Brackenbury says.

Dolly only shakes her and smiles, for Dora, who loves the sound of her own voice above all other music, takes the answer from her lips.

"Leave him! My dear Walter, she would not have left him till now, and we should have missed the pleasure of seeing you here"—with a significant inflection and glance that makes Dolly wince and Brackenbury decide savagely that this future sister-in-law of his is one of the most objectionable persons it has ever been his lot to meet—"but luckily Charlie Clayden came by in his cart. When he saw Dolly on her knees supporting some one's head—she actually took the dreadful grimy head into her lap and brought out her own smelling-bottle and handkerchief—ugh!—when he saw her attitude of deep distress, he thought, I suppose, that you had come to grief, Walter, and, jumping down, came at once to our help."

"As he would have done if he had seen only the poor man," Trix puts in indignantly, roused even from her misery by the malicious words. "He is as generously compassionate as—as Dolly herself," she finishes, turning with redoubled affection to the pretty sweet-natured girl for whose happiness she has such grave cause to tremble now.

Dora laughs and shrugs her shoulders expressively.

"I beg your pardon, Trix; I forgot what a mutual admiration society I was mixed up in! If I find fault with Dolly, Walter thinks the skies should fall and me, if with Charlie Clayden, you are up in arms. Rosalie, your sympathies are unattached. Won't you bestow them here and agree that both Charlie and Dolly were a trifle absurd?"

"I must first hear what they did," Rosalie says languidly, though to her questioner's keen glance it seems that her eyes shine with a sombre fire. "Your reflections are incisive as usual, Dora; but you must admit they stay the progress of the tale."

Dora raises her black brows and sighs profoundly.

"Not much promise of sympathy there! However, there is some reason in your remark, Rosalie; you have not been favored with many details yet, and in the matter of incident the story is poor. When Charlie came up, Dolly told him such a piteous story that the great soft-hearted creature was deeply moved; I am not sure that he did not begin to whimper. At any rate, he ran to the pond for water, also got a little brandy, and worked so vigorously that he soon brought his grimy patient back to some sort of life."

"And then?" Trix asks eagerly.

"Why, then he showed a glimmer of reason and common sense, for he proposed taking the man either to the workhouse or to the hospital; but—you must be right, Rosalie; he must be afraid to trust himself in any public place—he got into such a furious rage at the idea——"

"It was not rage!" Dolly cries indignantly. "You are telling the story most unfairly, Dora! What pleasure can it give you to malign that poor dying man? He is dying—of sheer starvation, Charlie says. It was not rage, but the most dreadful terror that mastered him. I never heard anything so pitiful as his attempts to speak—to beg us not to let him be taken anywhere—to leave him there in the open to live or die."

"And how did it end, dear?"

"His strength failed utterly again; he did not quite faint, as he had done before, but dropped off into a state of semi consciousness. And then, as we knelt on either side of the poor helpless figure, I looked at Charlie and Charlie looked at me, and before he spoke I seemed to know what impulse was stirring in his good kind heart.

"'We might take him anywhere now, Dolly,' he said in a whisper, and with the bashful look he always wears when he does anything especially kind. 'We might do anything we liked, and I don't doubt the hospital would be the best place; but, since he seems to hold it in such insane horror, I think we will find him another refuge, at any rate for a time.'

"'Oh, Charlie, you mean——'

"'I mean that we will find a corner in an outhouse and some stray scraps of food,' he said, smiling at my eagerness. 'And, that being decided, the first thing now is to get the poor fellow into the cart and on the way home.'"

"And they actually did it!" Dora chimes in; while Trix, who has somehow possessed herself of Dolly's hand, squeezes it hard in token of sympathy. "Were ever such a pair of Quixotes seen? I hope you are prepared to board and lodge and provide medical attendance for a regiment of paupers in the happy days to come, Walter?"

"An army of them, if it is Dolly's wish," Walter answers; but his thoughts are evidently busy with something else, and Dora sees this with spiteful satisfaction as she runs glibly on.

"She will have no awful warning over this case; but I shall be astonished if Charlie Clayden gets off scot free. This much-considered tramp may magnanimously refrain from robbing the house and murdering its master; but it is hardly likely that he will fail to show his gratitude by infecting the children with scarlet fever, small-pox, or some other unpleasant disease."

"Dora, how can you talk so wickedly?" Dolly says, reading aright the anxious look in Trix's eyes. "The poor man is suffering from exposure and want of food! Charlie is half a doctor, as you know very well, and not likely to let the children run any risks."

"Very well, it is no business of mine," Dora says resignedly. "My protest was disregarded, of course, being only that of common sense. But don't forget, Doll, that if any awful consequences follow the harboring of this man, you will be answerable for them all!"

No one seems to heed the malicious words, and the party very soon afterwards separates, Dora saying she will go with Rosalie, as she has a few words which she must say to her.

CHAPTER X.

"YOU spoil those children, Charlie. They will grow up without an atom of respect for you or me or any sort of constituted authority, if you give in to them in everything."

Miss Millicent Clayden gives the warning for perhaps the twentieth time, because she thinks it part of her duty as a discreet maiden aunt and grand-aunt to utter such words of wisdom now and then; but she does not mean a real reproof, as Charlie very well knows, and her mild face beams with placid satisfaction as the two rosy mites desert their father, over whom they have been ruthlessly tyrannising, and take their places at her knee.

"Don't you know Susan has been looking all over the place for you two runaways?"

"We have been with dad to see the horses, and I had a ride, and then Mollie did, and then—oh, it was much nicer than lessons!" little Ted cries, opening his blue eyes in delight and rubbing his fair curly head against Miss Millicent's dove-colored sleeve, while Mollie—a dark-eyed and demure little damsel of about five—chimes in, with a pretty earnest lisp—

"Oh, much nicer, auntie; and then we saw dad's poor man, but he was not there."

"Oh, you little Irish girl!" Charlie cries, with a great burst of laughter, in which the children join without knowing why; when they rush at him again, and the game of romps, of which Miss Clayden disapproves with a smiling countenance that feigns contentment wonderfully well, recommences and lasts until the old nurse reappears and, with a decision which neither her master nor her mistress seems to possess, whisks the young people away, with many low-spoken remarks of extreme severity on the subject of soiled and tattered garments, flushed faces and general disarray.

Miss Millicent follows the little figures to the door with a very tender gaze, then turns her gold spectacles towards Charlie Clayden's face, and says, not in the tone of mechanical reproof which he has accustomed himself to treat as a jest, but almost wistfully—

"They are dear little children, Charlie; I love them better every day! It would make me quite miserable to think they would be spoiled."

Charlie Clayden, firmly planted on the hearth-rug, looks at the old lady in the lavender dress and kerchief of old lace, the upright slender figure that fills the arm-chair so majestically, the delicate white hands that make the knitting needles flash so rapidly in and out of the mesh of scarlet silk, and cries, with an admiration irrelevant, but perfectly sincere—

"You ought to be painted just as you are now. By Jove, I wish I were an artist, or had one handy on the premises! There is not a young lady in the county half so pretty as you, aunt Millicent!"

"Tut, tut, my dear!" the old lady answers, flushing with pleasure nevertheless. "You should save your pretty speeches for the young ladies, or better still for one."

She glances shyly at her nephew, as she ventures the last shaft; but he shows no sign of having felt it, so she reverts to her first theme.

"However, we were not talking of ladies old or young, but of dear little Ted and Mollie."

"Now, aunt Millie"—Charlie shakes his head and looks at his aunt with coaxing eyes—"if you are going to make another attack on my infringements of discipline, I shall carry the war into the enemy's country and say you are a worse offender yourself. I am quite sure no one in this house indulges, or, as you say, 'spoils,' the youngsters as you do."

There is a little pause, in which he prepares himself for a battle royal—for Miss Millicent, despite her dove-like aspect, can defend herself with exceeding energy when attacked; but this time she clicks her needles for a few seconds, then lays them down and answers, with a meekness that takes his breath away—

"You are quite right, Charlie; I spoil them terribly, and I go from bad to worse, my dear!"

"What a terrible confession! What a dreadful state of affairs!" Charlie comments gaily; but Miss Millicent shakes her gray head—this is no laughing matter to her.

"It is, or rather, will be, a dreadful state of affairs if something is not done! They are high-spirited, healthy, affectionate children, bless them, and as they grow older it will be the harder for them to submit to any sort of control. Don't you see what I mean?"

"Oh, yes; but——" Charlie knits his fair brows, thrusts his hands into the pockets of his trousers, and looks the picture of a sorely-puzzled man. He walks across to the open window and stares out absently at the green lawn, then comes back and breaks out again, in an argumentative tone, though hardly the tone of a man convinced by his own argument—"Surely they are under some sort of control, aunt Millicent? I may not keep to rules very strictly, but you know that I——"

"I know that you are a man, my dear, and that two pretty winning babies, whom you idolize very naturally, control you."

"Well, you are mistress in the house and all in it!"

"I, my dear boy?" Miss Clayden interjects, in a tone of dismay. "Have I not confessed my weakness—told you I am worse than useless here? As an old, old woman, and an old maid into the bargain, I can only submit to the sway of those young Turks."

"Well, hang it all," Charlie says, with all the impatience of conscious helplessness, "there is Susan! I am sure she frightens them at times!"

"Yes, more than I like, or than is desirable," Miss Millicent says gravely. "No"—she smiles again as she meets her nephew's suddenly anxious look—"don't think I am making any charge against poor old Susan, who is absolutely devoted to her little plagues—loves them as well as she loved you in your nursery days; but she suffers from my complaint, Charlie, though several years younger than I am. She is not so young as she was, and, especially when she has a touch of rheumatism, is apt to get a little rough and overbearing at times; besides, she is very ignorant, and the 'lessons' she insists on giving are likely, I fear, to do our dear babies much more harm than good."

Charlie nods assent to this proposition; there is no denying the truth and sagacity of his aunt's remarks. But how to act upon them—how to improve the present undesirable state of affairs? If only matters had gone smoothly in one direction, he thinks; then checks himself, with a sharp reminder that he need not be a maudlin fool, and cries, with a sharpness that makes Miss Clayden start—

"Of course you are right; things can't go on like this! But what am I to do? Pack the little kids off to school, or bring home some highly accomplished Gorgon of a governess to keep us all in order?"

"Not quite that," Miss Millicent says, smiling—"not quite that, my dear boy. You must bring some one armed with a right and authority that even Susan cannot contest. Charlie, you must bring home a wife!"

Charlie flushes to the roots of his thick fair hair. He looks away to avoid his aunt's questioning glance, and says, with a laugh which is by no means so steady as he would like it to be—

"So that is what you were leading up to, you wicked match-making old woman! So you think a step-mother a panacea for all the ills to which poor little orphans are subject? Yet I have heard the institution mentioned with disrespect."

"There are step-mothers and step-mothers, Charlie!" Miss Clayden says, with quaint gravity. "Some who would make matters a hundred times worse for Ted and Mollie, others—but I won't speak of others when you know that I mean one! The children love Beatrix Massey dearly; I think that already she gives them a mother's love. She is a clear-headed, sensible, and affectionate girl, one of whom I approve most heartily. It

would make me very happy to welcome her here as your wife."

"So it would me," Charlie cries, stung into candor; "but unfortunately she does not mean to come."

Miss Millicent pushes back her glasses and regards her nephew with extreme surprise.

"Does not mean to come?" she echoes incredulously; then, noting the unwonted shadow on the frank face, draws up her slender form with much stateliness, she adds, with a suggestion of offended dignity—"Do you mean that you have asked Miss Massey to marry you, and she has refused?"

"Well—not exactly that," Charlie says, laughing in spite of himself, though not very mirthfully, at his aunt's tragic tone; "though we need not expect the heavens to fall, aunt Millie, even if she had done such an audacious thing."

"A girl who encourages any man as Beatrix Massey encouraged you, and then rejects him, must expect any sort of condemnation," Miss Millicent declares loftily. The woman who presumes to slight her adored nephew need look for but scanty mercy at her hands.

"Did she encourage me, aunt Millie?" Charlie asks, with a curious sadness in his look and tone. "She was very kind and sweet. I had somehow got to look upon her as something of our own; but perhaps she only pitied me—a poor helpless widower, with two mismanaged children!"

"Charlie, if you talk such wicked nonsense we shall quarrel!" Miss Clayden cries. "Pity, indeed! The girl was, or promised to be, as much in love with you as you with her. Every one looked upon the match as a settled thing, and if she has said 'No' now——"

"But, my dear aunt, she has not, because—well, the fact is, I have never, in so many words, asked her to say 'Yes'?"

"Not?" In her surprise and indignation Miss Millicent lays down her knitting and pushes her chair back from the table. "Then I have been wasting a great deal of indignation on the wrong person, and your conduct is quite—quite inexcusable. You have made the poor girl think you cared for her!"

"And I do—Heaven knows!"

"Then why don't you tell her so at once—to-day—this afternoon?" Miss Millicent says. "I am disappointed, shocked, and—I don't know what I am not, Charlie!"

"I will tell you what you are, you dear impulsive old lady!" Charlie says affectionately, but very sadly too. "That is, just a little bit unjust. In the first place, you won't hear me out——"

"Oh yes, I will! But"—with a pleading look—"you won't waste any more time—you will speak to Beatrix?"

"The moment she gives me the chance; I have had none lately," Charlie answers, a little grimly. "Don't laugh at me, aunt Millie; I am not a boy, to be put off by any girlish shyness; and, for the matter of that, Beatrix—Miss Massey—has never shown any sort of shyness of which I could complain, but her manner has undergone a remarkable change within the past week. I can hardly get a word or look from her."

"No wonder, if she thinks you are shilly-shallying! She has her woman's dignity to maintain. I like her all the better for not being too easily won, even by you!" the old lady says, regarding her nephew with a pride that touches the man, even while it causes him to laugh, in a vexed impatient way.

"Even by me! Oh, aunt Millicent, no wonder you spoil Ted and Mollie, when you flatter your grown-up baby in this way! Beatrix could not doubt—no one else doubts my regard for her; but I will have the matter out at once—drive her into a corner and get a plain 'Yes' or 'No' at any rate."

"That is right! I know so well which it will be," the old lady cries gleefully. "There is nothing like deceit or double-dealing about Trix Massey. Now if it had been her sister Rosalie—— Good gracious me, Charlie—what is that?"

Charlie, who has been standing with his back to the window, turns quickly round and understands at once the terror in his aunt's tone. It is a sufficiently startling apparition that confronts them both, and seems, to the tender-hearted lady, a living reproach to their easy affluence. At the foot of the terrace steps, supporting himself against one of the light pillars, stands the tramp—the man Charlie Clayden brought in last night, and this morning found, as he thought, ungratefully flown. He is a shade cleaner and less horribly unkempt, but so gaunt and ragged and forlorn-looking, with such a curious craving expression in the eyes, that, meeting their glance, Miss Millicent feels a little shiver run through her frame. Seeing this, and being also puzzled and a little annoyed by the man's presence there, Charlie steps out through the window and accosts him kindly, for it is not in his nature to use rough words or tones to a creature broken down as this, but a little peremptorily too.

"So you are out and about again, my man, and found your way round here, I suppose, by mistake? I went to look you up this morning, but they told me you had gone."

"And they told you the truth, sir," the man said, with resentful sullenness and and in a hoarse hollow voice, quite in keeping with his hang-dog look. "I was off and away as soon as I could see my way clear, and had got more than a mile from this place, when——"

He breaks off with a queer gasping sound, and Mr. Clayden fills the gap in his speech with compassionate readiness.

"When you found your strength give out, and came back here for another day or two's shelter? Quite right. You are not fit to wander about by yourself—and never will be in this world!" he adds mentally, but finishes aloud and in his kindliest tone, "Go back to Simmons—or stay, I will walk round with you myself, as he is a little offended that you went off without a word."

Charlie takes up the soft hat he has thrown upon the verandah table, and is preparing to accompany his queer protege, when the latter puts up a skeleton hand and cries urgently—

"No—stay where you are, please, sir; I sha'n't keep you long. I came back as you say, but not that. I can't stay here, or anywhere. I must just travel on till I find what I want."

"Is that work?" Charlie interjects, with a compassionate glance at the gaunt figure; and the man answers, with a sharpness that makes gentle Miss Millicent shiver—

"Yes, work—not commonplace work, such as your kindness might find for me, sir, but work that will give me name and fame, that you and all the reading-world will hear and talk about some day."

"The poor wretch is mad!" Charlie reflects, tugging thoughtfully at his fair beard. "I wonder what I had better do, for the safety of others as well as for his own; he should be looked after, and yet—"

"Beg pardon, sir," the man breaks in, and his voice is only rough from weakness now; "I don't want to keep you; I am in a hurry to be off myself."

"Not now—not to-day, at any rate," Charlie cries quite eagerly, feeling that a responsibility with which he hardly knows how to deal has suddenly devolved upon him; "you must rest awhile."

"Not another hour, sir!"

"Then why, in Heaven's name, did you come back?" Mr. Clayden asks, with indignation; but the next minute he repents the harsh haste of his query, for the man, after a short struggle, says, in choking tones—

"For not much of a reason, sir—just to say 'Thank you'—that was all! I was sitting on a stone to rest, when it suddenly struck me that it was the act of a dirty and ungrateful hound to slink off without a word of gratitude to you or the young lady who helped me last night."

"My good fellow——" Mr. Clayden turns to look at Miss Millicent, who has crossed the room and stands beside him now, listening with eager interest to all that is said. They were both convinced of the man's madness a little while ago, yet there are both prepared to vouch for his sanity now. "My good fellow, there was very little to thank us for, but I am glad you did return."

"You must show your gratitude by doing what the gentleman wishes now," Miss Millicent chimes in persuasively. "You must go back to the lodge and remain for a few days."

The man shakes his head drearily and looks away from the sweet compassionate face as from something on which he hardly dares to gaze.

"Thank you much, madam, but I cannot stay," he says slowly; and Miss Millicent thinks that there is a touch of regret in the respectfully firm tone. "You are kind, but I don't understand kindness: it has nothing to do with—it is not good for me. If I stayed here my work would never be done."

"Is your work so very important?" Miss Millicent asks timidly.

"It is my life's work, and my life, madam!"—not looking round as he answers. "Until that work is done I must rest nowhere. Nothing can change my purpose until I am face to face with——"

"Sir Walter Brackenbury," announces the servant at this moment; and Miss Millicent and Charlie turn to find the young man already in the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT PRIVATE GATHERINGS.

Nowadays the practice of having detectives in full evening dress at parties and balls is well known to all prominent entertainers. These men have odd experiences, some of them deeply tinctured with romance and excitement.

One of them happened last spring to be in attendance at a typical wedding of the fashionable kind where there was a large gathering—a reception by the bride and bridegroom under large floral marriage bells in the drawing-room, and a later survey of the wedding presents upstairs. He noticed there an elegantly-attired lady gazing intently at a jewel-case containing a most beautiful diamond bracelet, which he thought was receiving from the lady all the admiration it called for.

When the detective lounged round to where it was, the lady floated out of the room. Later on she returned just as he chanced to be called away; but he hurried back again, and was just in time to notice her tip-toeing out alone.

He stepped inside the room, and saw that the jewel-case was gone; he came out again to find her going downstairs with her wrap on and a little hand-satchel at her side. She omitted to pay her respects or say "good-bye," but went to call her carriage. He promptly decided upon his course of action, and politely offered to assist her down the steps. She took his arm, he noticed, nervously, and with that he courteously said to her: "Permit me to relieve you, madam," and took the satchel in his hand.

They had not reached the carriage before he felt the jewel in it. He assisted her into the carriage, and, taking out the box, handed her satchel back, saying—

"Pardon me, madam, but you forgot to leave your little offering behind you. Never mind, I will replace it." This was all he said. She never spoke a word, but she sank into the carriage seat as though she was shot. There was no publicity; but for ever afterwards that lady's name will be omitted from the card list of that house.

At another fashionable reception the same detective noticed a young man hurrying off with a very handsome overcoat on. Shortly after he came upstairs without any overcoat.

The detective kept his eyes on the fellow, who went into the hat and coat room, only to issue forth with fresh over-apparel, with which he slipped out at the front door, quickly followed by the detective.

Almost in the shadow of the house was a common four-wheeled cab among the coaches, and the young man crept into it; but it did not move off, still remaining where it was, and presently its occupant was out again, stripped once more, and ready for another haul. The detective let him go and searched for cabby, but could not find him. Then he quietly took no fewer than four good overcoats out of the cab and entered the house, where he waited in the hall-way, until shortly afterwards down came the young man again, this time freshly caparisoned in a splendid ulster.

"Cold night, isn't it?" said the detective, saluting him.

"I don't think it is," replied the young man.

"Well, it ought to be, when you need all these overcoats to your back." The fellow tried to slip past him, but he was in custody, and securely handcuffed in a twinkling, as the saying goes.

The strange part of it was that this young man, who was a clerk with a fair salary, had hired a cab, driven it himself to the house, and made his lightning changes without a soul noticing him.

His very gentlemanly appearance had given him entrance without question, and the sleepy booby at the door never paid any attention to his repeated exits and entrances.

IN MONGOLIA.—In Mongolia, where the nomad population of herdsmen have little use for money, their tents, clothing, food, and temples being supplied by their flocks, brick tea forms a standard of value and convenient medium of exchange, as it is in universal demand for food. A brick or half a brick of tea is placed in a copper coffee-pot-looking vessel and boiled up with mutton fat and butter, and the food is eaten hot in a liquid condition. On the cold highlands such food must be warming and nutritious.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN A PILLORY.—At Cotta, in Saxony, the names of persons who did not pay their taxes last year are printed and hung up in all the restaurants and saloons in the city. The proprietors dare not serve those mentioned on the lists with food or drink.

ANOTHER THREE.—Someone has said that the three hardest words to pronounce consecutively are, "I was mistaken." Let the person who believes this assertion try his articulating powers on the names of the lakes in the State of Maine—three, for instance—Hukuntyabob, Zitamornumgohio, Mahogapragohgug.

LIVE FISH.—Norwegians are excellent cooks, especially of fish, which, by the way, are never bought dead but are kept alive in anchored cages in the water of the fjord. The vendor of fish dips his net into the water for each customer, who chooses what he likes, and carries home his purchase, still alive, in a large covered tin dish.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.—Among the household servants of the Queen there are at least two who have been in her service for forty years. A police officer who invariably accompanied the Court to Balmoral, Osborne and Windsor, has just retired, having been engaged thirty-nine years in that duty. It was singular that the only place at which he wore uniform was Osborne.

GHOSTS VERY OLD.—It has been the current opinion for centuries that places of burial are haunted, especially after nightfall, with spectres, ghosts and other apparitions. Persons who have investigated this matter declare that the ghost idea was prevalent before Noah built the ark. Even Ovid has put himself on record as believing that spirits occasionally left their sepulchres and wandered about seeking whom they might devour.

FEBRUARY.—"February fill-dike," is so called, because, irrespective of rainfall, the springs "break" in that month. It is a curious provision of Nature that the water supply should remain pent up in the hills until wanted. In Dorsetshire the country-folk say the springs burst after high winds. Last year there was little wind before they broke, but in due time they irrigated the meadows, as they do yearly, generally about the middle of February, thus justifying the old title.

LONG NEEDED.—By a simple invention, just adopted, every lighthouse on the American coast is to identify itself hereafter by flashing out its number. This will relieve mariners from the necessity of remembering many combinations of colors and also from uncertainty in ascertaining whether a light seen dimly through the fog is white or red. The wonder is that such a useful and simple device was not adopted long ago.

FLOATING ISLANDS.—A floating island about 30 miles long and broad, covered with trees from 30ft. to 40ft. high, which is supposed to be a detached fragment of South America, held together by the roots of its trees, has been met with in the Atlantic several times since last year. It was first sighted on 28th of July, 1892, in lat. 39 deg. N., long. 65 deg. W., and the last time on the 19th of September, having traveled 1,675 miles nearer Europe.

INDIAN FUNERALS.—It is the custom among the Omaha Indians to cease wailing at a certain point in the funeral ceremonies, for the reason, they say, that the departed one must not be distressed as he leaves his home behind him. It is also customary after a death to lacerate the limbs, as the shedding of blood expresses how vital is the loss. The funeral song and ceremony, savage as they appear at first sight, are really full of tender unselfishness, and indicate a strong belief in the constitution of life and its affections.

BETROTHAL CUSTOM IN SPAIN.—A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain with regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favor upon a handsome young senorita and wishes to gain her hand calls on the parents for three successive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking stick, and, if he is to win the desired bride, the cane is handed to him when he calls again. But, if he is not regarded with favor, the cane is thrown into the street, and in this way the young man is made to understand that further calls will be useless.

WALNUTS.—Bordeaux is one of the largest exporting ports in the world, perhaps the largest, for walnuts; and small quantities are now sent from Chili to Europe. The culture of the so-called English walnut—which, by-the-way, is not an English tree at all, but a native of the Orient and of Central and Eastern Asia, whence it was early introduced into Europe—is now diffused over Italy, from the Alps to the valleys of Sicily. It is thought however that the number of cultivated walnut trees in Italy is diminishing, as the demand for the timber is increasing, being in great request by the cabinet-makers.

OLD people are continually indulging in new wrinkles.

EVENTIDE.

BY A. H.

Ah, 'tis the eventide, when sinks the sun,
Softly, 'mid purple clouds, his day's work done!
Calm is the twilight hour, when night winds play
Far o'er the shadow'd lea at close of day.

Ah, 'tis the autumn-tide, when leaves fall fast,
Borne to the tender earth to rest at last;
Golden with Nature's kiss, their life-work o'er,
Softly they droop and die, with Night once more!

Ah, 'tis the sleeping-tide, when hearts must rest
After the life's long toil to slumber blest;
Calm is the eventide, passed is the day—
Peace to the quiet dead who rest for aye!

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

THE play was high, grew higher. The rooms were warm, the wine circulated freely, the expert Porter filling the glasses with the silent precision of an automaton. Suddenly, why and wherefore Vane will never know, the vision of the Witch's Cauldron rose before him, and he saw amidst the clouds of tobacco smoke the face and form of Nora, and heard the laughter and the hot, swift call of the cards, her clear, low, bell like voice.

He played the wrong card and lost a heavy stake.

"Hallo, Tempest!" said Glossop. "What the deuce is the matter with you? You held the ace."

"I know," said Vane apologetically; "I beg your pardon."

He passed his hand across his forehead and settled himself to the game, driving the vision from him. But even as he did so he felt the shilling—Nora's shilling—against his heart.

"Your deal, Tempest," said Dacre solemnly.

As Vane dealt the cards Porter approached and murmured something in a discreet and respectful monotone.

Vane caught the word "waiting," and thought it referred to the champagne.

"Open another case," he said promptly.

Porter looked rather surprised and puzzled; but like a well-trained servant moved away, and went to carry out his instructions.

Senley Tyers, still smoking the inevitable cigar, came and stood behind Vane's chair and watched the play, a cynical smile on his pale, dark face.

"You are losing?" he whispered, bending down.

Vane nodded.

"Rather!" he said.

With the solemnity of a hanging judge Dacre dealt the cards and scooped in his winnings. A burst of laughter from the table at which Lord Wally sat annoyed and irritated him.

"This isn't a nursery, 'Baby,'" he said severely.

Lord Wally laughed.

"No; more like shambles," he retorted.

Some of the men laughed applausively. Vane took the cards for a fresh deal.

As he did so, Porter came up and whispered again.

"Eh?" said Vane pleasantly. "Speak up, there's such a confounded row I can't hear."

"The young man is waiting, sir," he said.

"Young man?" queried Vane. "What on earth do you mean? What young man?"

"Champagne!" called "Baby" at the moment, and Porter hurried away with a fresh bottle.

Vane was losing, had been losing steadily. The wine, the noise, the fumes of the tobacco had got into his head. The clock on the mantelshelf had struck four half an hour ago. It was almost time for the party to break up.

Lord Wally came up to him, radiant, happy.

"I've only lost a couple of hundred, Tempest," he said as gleefully as as if he had won it.

"That will do then," said Vane. "We'd better stop the cards now. I daresay Mrs. Porter can give us some grilled bones and coffee." He beckoned to Porter, who approached with the air of a clergyman about to bestow a general benediction.

"Grilled bones? Yes, sir. And the young man, Mr. Vane?"

"What young man?" asked Vane carelessly.

"The young man who has been waiting, Mr. Vane," said Porter. "He's in the other room."

Vane looked at the solemn, discreet face questioningly.

"What on earth are you talking about, Porter?" he said.

Mr. Porter coughed behind his hand deprecatingly.

"If you remember, Mr. Vane, I came and told you that a young man wanted to see you."

"You never did."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you didn't hear me, which is only natural. But there he is, sir, waiting still."

"Where?" demanded Vane.

"In the small parlor, sir," replied Porter.

"I don't understand it," said Vane. "What on earth does a young man want with me at this time of night, or rather morning? It isn't a dun, Porter?"

Porter smiled superiorly.

"Not much, sir, or I should have got rid of him long ago. No, sir, he looks like a seafaring young man."

Vane nodded and signed to Porter to lead the way. The sound of laughter and talking, the fumes of tobacco filled the room.

He cast a careless glance round, nodded with a smile to Lord Wally, and followed Porter, who opened the door of the smaller room.

A lamp with a red shade was burning on the sideboard, and in the rich subdued light Vane saw a young fellow rise from a chair and stand with his cap in his hand.

He was a slim, gracefully built lad, with a clean-cut face that looked pale and weary even in the rosy glow of the lamp.

Vane looked at him, noticed that he was dressed in a suit of blue serge in the style of a midshipman; that the pale face was as clean cut as if sculptured from marble, that the eyes were shaded by long lashes as black as the pencilled eyebrows; that he was, in short, a particularly good and refined looking boy. Then he said—

"You want to see me?"

The boy's lips parted and he seemed to breathe hard as if he found a difficulty in speaking; and Vane, thinking that it was caused by weariness, pointed to the chair.

"Sit down," he said gently. "You look tired. I am afraid you have been kept waiting a long time; but the fact is I did not understand my man when he came to tell me you were here. I have some friends—as you may have heard." He smiled. The "Baby's" laughter rang out in the next room, joined with the heavier voices of the other men. "And I didn't catch what my man said. Let me give you a glass of wine."

He went to the sideboard, filled a glass from a half empty bottle of champagne, and held it out with the smile that won all hearts for him.

The lad extended his hand, a small brown one, then drew it back and raised his gray eyes to Vane's face.

"You don't know me?" he said, in a voice husky either with emotion or weariness.

Vane shook his head.

"I'm afraid I don't remember you," he said, wondering whom the lad could be. Could he be the some of friend who had got into a scrape, some young middy who had got into a row on board his ship and been ass enough to desert? He tried to recall the lads he knew who were in the navy.

"No," he said; "I can't remember you for the life of me; and I shall have to ask you your name. Won't you take the wine? You look as if you needed it, and I think it will do you good."

"And you don't remember me?" said the low voice, still lower and more huskily. A cloud seemed to come over the gray eyes, which took a half piteous expression, and the perfectly cut lips quivered. "Yes! I said you would forget me!"

Vane put his hand to his brow.

"Who in the name of heaven are you, my lad?" he exclaimed.

"I am Nora Trevanion!" was the reply, scarcely above a whisper, a faint flush rising to the pale, weary face.

Vane dropped the champagne glass and started back; and the two stood gazing at each other; and now Vane's face was as pale—paler than hers.

"Good gracious!" at last broke from him. "Nora——! Here!"

He started at her as if he were dreaming, as if he could not, would not, believe the evidence of his senses. A burst of laughter rang out in the next room.

He sprang to the door and turned the key; and stood with his back to the door as if he expected an attempt to carry it by assault.

The boyish figure sank on to the sofa and the little brown hands stole up to the pale face.

The movement recalled Vane's scattered senses. He sprang across the room and sat beside her on the sofa and took her hands.

"Nora! Nora! Is it really you?" he asked hurriedly "My—my poor girl! Great heaven! how did you get here? Why did you come? What has happened?"

He put the questions one after another rapidly, giving her no time to answer. Her presence alone, at this unearthly hour, bewildered, confused, stunned him.

She raised her eyes. She, too, was confused. In the midst of her weariness and excitement she felt somehow that he was changed, that he was different. His evening dress, the white shirt-front with its gleaming diamond stud struck her with a sense of strangeness; but as she raised her eyes and met his, saw the handsome face she knew, remembered so well; her heart recognized him through the strangeness of the fashionable clothes, and a faint, very faint smile flickered on her pale lips.

"I have come;" she said in a whisper that had nothing of shame in it, as little indeed as dwelt in the pure, innocent eyes. "You said you would be glad to take me if I were a boy, and see——" and she looked down at her middy's suit.

Vane stared at her in amazement. He could have sprung up and called out aloud in his consternation and distress.

Merciful heaven, what should he say, what must he do! Her presence in his rooms alone, and at that hour, would compromise her whole life. Discovery meant absolute ruin to her—Ruin spelt with a capital R.

She watched his face, his eyes, and into hers a shadow of doubt, of trouble, came creeping. He saw it, and at once forced a smile, a reassuring smile; at all cost she must not know what this step that she had taken might cost her. She must never know.

"Of course," he said with ghastly levity and acquiescence, "of course I did, and—and I meant it. And what a splendid boy you make, Nora!"

A gleam of satisfaction and pleasure in his approval lit up her pale face.

"Do I?" she said. "Yes, I must, for no one has guessed what I really am. And you—even you—did not know me, did you?" and she actually laughed, a low ripple of laughter that still had a tone of weariness in it."

"Not a bit—no, that I didn't," said Vane. He was still holding her hands, and he patted them and smiled fatuously at her. What should he do? Was there anyone to whom he could take her? Whom? No, there was no one.

No lady friend could be got to understand that this girl had taken his jesting words seriously, and had followed him in simple childlike innocence. Besides, even if he could think of some woman who would befriend her, would Nora go? He knew enough of her nature and temper to answer in the negative, and emphatically. Then what should he do?

He got up and poured out some more wine.

"You must drink it this time," he said, with a smile. "You look pale and tired. I'm dying to hear of your adventures; why you left and how you got here, and——"

Lord Wally's voice, a boyish treble, almost as sweet as a woman's, floated to them, singing, "I rise from dreams of thee!"

It almost drove Vane mad.

Nora listened with parted lips.

"How beautiful!" she murmured. "Is she a friend of yours?"

"She!" It's a boy," said Vane. "They have been spending the evening with me. But it is time they went now. I'll get rid of them and come back to you."

She looked at him in perfect trust and confidence.

"Do not, unless you want to," she said. "I can rest here; I can wait. I do not care for anything now I am here at last—at last," and she drew a long breath, and let her lovely eyes dwell on him with an expression of perfect restfulness and security.

Vane passed his hand through his hair, and poured out a glass of wine for himself. He must pull himself together. He must get rid of this noisy crew, and then—and then think out some plan of saving her. Yes, he must save her.

"Lean back there in the chair," he said, drawing it up for her. "I won't be long. Take some more wine."

She lay back in the chair, a smile on her face, in her eyes. He went to the door and unlocked it, and looked back at her for an instant with a reassuring smile. Even in that moment he could scarcely realize that the slim boyish figure, the close-cut black hair, were those of Nora Trevanion.

As he paused, fighting hard for composure and presence of mind, footsteps sounded outside, approached nearer, and the handle of the door was turned,

What should he do? Keep the door locked? If he did so it was highly probable that the excited youngsters would push it open; or at any rate clamor outside until he let them in.

Even now they were calling him.

"Vane, I say, Vane!" rose the "Baby's" clear voice, a little thick now with wine, "we want you to come and sing!"

"Where on earth have you got to?" came the deeper voice of the Junior Juggins. "Gone to bed?"

In despair Vane motioned to Nora, on whose face the color was coming and going.

"Don't speak! Mind—not a word! Don't open your lips."

Then he opened the door. Lord Wally and the Junior Juggins nearly fell in face forward, the rest gathered behind, laughing.

The laughter died away and all stared at the figure in the chair.

The "Baby" was the first to speak.

"Oh, I say, I beg your pardon, Vane," he stammered in his girlish voice. "I thought you were alone."

Vane smiled with a ghastly attempt at perfect ease; and as he did so his eyes wandered over the group and found and met the cold calm ones of Senley Tyers.

"It's all right," he said, "a young friend of mine has just turned up." He lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "Young Ernest Mortimer: got into a row on board his ship; deserted—the young idiot; awfully tired and knocked up."

Lord Wally looked at the pale face sympathetically.

"Poor young beggar," he said. "I say, Vane, we'd better clear out. It's jolly late, and he'll be glad to be quiet. If there is anything I can do, you know," he went on in a whisper, "my uncle's in the Admiralty——"

"Thanks, thanks!" murmured Vane. He motioned to Nora to sit down again, for she had risen and stood with an exquisite blush on her cheeks, and then he hustled the staring group outside, and with a sigh of relief closed the door on her.

CHAPTER XVI.

VANE got rid of his guests at last. The "boys" had trooped down the stairs in the best of spirits, laughing and talking loudly, to the disgust of the eminent Member of Parliament who lodged on the ground floor.

In the hall Lord Wally had returned and called to Vane leaning over the balusters.

"Don't forget, Vane. If there's anything I can do for your young friend at the Admiralty——"

And Vane had nodded and smiled, and murmured—

"Thanks, 'Baby'—thanks!"

Then he went into the drawing-room, and stood in the midst of the card tables, and looked vacantly at the candles and the decanters and wine-glasses, the cards on the floor, the cigar ashes on the tray, as a man does who is too bewildered to see anything; and the momentous question, What should he do with her? rang in his ears and beat about his brain.

Vane was not a drinker, but he had had his full share of champagne. The evening had been a sufficiently exciting one, and, in consequence, his mind was neither so clear nor so active as it ordinarily was.

And the hour was such an awful one!

If it had been mid-day instead of four o'clock, he could have gone to Mrs. Porter and taken her into his confidence, and confided Nora to her motherly care. But to go in search of Mrs. Porter—he had not the least idea where she reposed—to wake her up from her beauty sleep, and tell her what must appear to her, even in broad daylight, a most improbable and far-fetched story, seemed to him impossible. That was just the word—impossible.

And suppose if, after succeeding in finding, waking, and informing her, she declined to accept the charge of Nora? Women of Mrs. Porter's class are notoriously straitlaced and exacting in the matter of the proprieties. It was very likely that

she would decline to afford Nora shelter and protection.

All this worked through his mind as he stood and gazed round the disordered room, and at last he remembered that Nora was waiting for him, and in sheer despair he drove the look of anxiety from his face, and, forcing a smile, went back to the room in which he had left her.

She was still in the armchair; she had been leaning back with closed eyes, perfectly peaceful and serene and trustful. Why should she not be? She was here at last, under his roof, in his charge, and as protected and free from any fear of danger as if she had been surrounded by a corps of the Queen's Guards.

The room, with its tasteful decorations, its costly hangings and luxurious furniture, had amused her and filled her with pleasant surprise. She had never before seen such an apartment.

But its beauty and luxury did not distress her with any sense of inferiority. She was perfectly at ease.

She opened her eyes, and greeted his reentrance with a faint smile.

He smiled back in response, and went and seated himself beside her.

"They are all gone, Nora," he said; and added mentally, "Thank God!"

She opened her eyes gravely.

"I am afraid you sent them away because I came," she said. "They am sorry. Will they be angry? Were great friends of yours? Some of them looked nice."

"Not all!" he said, with a smile.

She thought a moment.

"I like the young one, the one with the soft voice like a girl's."

"The 'Baby,'" he said. "And which of them didn't you like?" he added, talking for the sake of talking, and to get himself accustomed to her presence.

After a second or two she said—

"I don't know any of them to like or dislike. Who was the one that looked at me so—so—"—she hunted for a word—"as if he were angry—the one with the dark hair?"

Vane considered a moment.

"Oh, you mean Senley Tyers?" he said, "He was not angry. He is a great friend of mine, and I hope you will like him."

"I will, if he is a friend of yours," she said as a matter of course.

Then he plunged head first at the question that had to be put, though he postponed it for a month.

"And now tell me, Nora, how—how you happened to come here?"

Her color rose for a moment and her eyes drooped, but only for a moment; the next she raised them to his with a faint, sweet sadness.

"My aunt was going to leave the Cauldron," she said. "She was going to take me away from England, for ever. We were to go to Australia."

She paused as if she considered that she had fully answered his question, but seeing by the expression of his face that he was still waiting, she went on in a low voice.

"I did not want to go. She would not have let me stay there alone, and so—and so I felt her and came away."

Vane nodded encouragingly.

"You came away? Yes, go on."

In her musical voice she recounted the manner in which she had reached Trelorne and counterfeited a wreck, and Vane found it impossible to repress an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, you must have the pluck of a man, Nora!"

She smiled as if he had accorded her high praise, and leaning back went on with her story.

"I walked all that night, and in the morning went to the sleep in a liney——"

"What's that?"

"A kind of stable in a field where they keep hay for the horses to eat in the winter. And in the afternoon I went on again and walked till I reached Tideford."

"Why how many miles was this?" Vane inquired.

She shook her head.

"I don't know. At Tideford I went into a shop where they sell clothes, and asked them to sell me a suit. This I've got on," and she looked down at her serge suit with innocent satisfaction. "I said that it was for my brother, who was about my size. Then I bought a pair of scissors and cut off my hair," she laughed slightly and put her hand through the short curls. "It was rather hard, because you see I only have a small pocket glass——"

"Good Heavens!" gasped Vane, "how could you do it! All that lovely hair!"

She looked at him with grave surprise, "Are you sorry? What does it matter? Besides, I was obliged to; boys don't wear hair below their waist, you know."

"I know," he assented. "But it was an awful pity. Awful!"

"I'm sorry you're sorry," she said reflectingly. "But it couldn't be helped, and I don't see that it matters."

He looked at her with wondering surprised. It was evident that she was quite unconscious of her great beauty, there was not even the proverbial ounce of vanity in her composition.

"Well?"

"Well," she went on with a little sigh. "At Tiderford I meant to take the train for London; but when I got onto the station I saw two women standing in front of a bill posted on the wall, and talking about it. I went and looked at it, but I couldn't read, you know, and I was turning away when I heard one of the women say, 'Poor girl! So young too. I wonder whether they'll find her?' and I asked her what the bill was about.'

She paused a moment, then raised her eyes to his.

"It was about me. It was a bill telling about the wreck of the boat, and offering five pounds reward to anyone who'd find me in the sea; dead, of course."

Vane shuddered, and touched her hand, as if to convince himself that she really was alive.

"When I heard that, I was somehow afraid to go and ask for a ticket. I thought perhaps that the bill described me, and that the man who sold the tickets would know me. And so I went out of the station and made up my mind to walk all the way, or at any rate nearly all the way."

"My poor Nora!" Vane murmured.

His sympathy was exquisitely sweet to her; she smiled up at him.

"It was nothing," she said. "I can walk all day without feeling tired. But I rested nearly all the day and walked at night. Not that I need have been afraid, because when I'd left the Cornish towns the bills stopped; but somehow I felt strange in my new things," she laughed softly. "It was quite a week before I felt quite a boy."

"And you were walking all that time!"

She nodded.

"Yes. Why do you pity me? It was not bad, and all the time I told myself that I was free, and that every mile brought me nearer to ——" she was going to say "you," but said instead, "London."

"And where did you take the train?" he asked.

She thought a moment.

"I forgot. But it was still a long way off. And I got on the wrong train, because I didn't like to ask too many questions. But a lady was very kind to me—" she stopped and looked at him thoughtfully. "All the women were kind to me," she said; "they never used to be. Why was that?"

Vane laughed.

"You forgot that they took you for a boy," he said. "Any woman would be kind to such a handsome—I mean such a lonely boy as you were."

"I see," she said. "This lady asked me where I had come from and where I was going; and I told her that I had come from my ship at Plymouth and that I was going to my brother's at London."

Vane groaned softly.

"I wish to heaven you were, my poor child!" he murmured inaudibly.

"What did you say?" she inquired.

"Nothing, nothing," he said. "At least, I said 'So you were,' for you must regard me as a brother, Nora."

A smile glorified her lovely face, and her eyes beamed upon him gratefully.

"I thought you would say that," she murmured, almost sang, indeed. "I kept saying that to myself all the way, whenever I felt weary and low-spirited. I knew you meant what you said; you told me how glad you would be if you could take me to London, and how you would take me if only I were a boy instead of a girl."

Vane nodded. His brain was whirling. That such light words, so lightly spoken, should have borne such fruit!

"Well?"

"Well—where was I?" she laughed softly. "Oh, coming in the train. Well, I got to London, and, oh, how frightened I was! I felt as if all the houses were going to fall on top of me, or come crushing in at me! It is a dreadful place to see for the first time, and to be alone in!" and she caught her breath. "The horses and the big carriages, and the crowds and crowds of people! Yes, it was all true what you told me. I wonder, I do wonder, how people can live and breathe, and why they don't go to some place where there is more room! Yes, I was so amazed at first that I walked on and on, and was too frightened to ask the way. And when I did, I found I had walked into the wrong part of the town. I might have known that, because the streets were so ugly, and the houses and the people were so dirty and noisy; and I might have been sure that that you were poor, you wouldn't live in such places as that, or amongst such people."

She paused a moment and looked round the room, then turned her lovely eyes on his.

"Are you so poor? This room is such a beautiful one, and all the things must have cost a great deal of money."

Vane laughed uneasily.

"Well, they're not really mine," he said, "not all of them, at least—I only rent them. And I'm not so poor now, Nora."

"I'm glad of that," she said simply. "Not that it would matter, because I've got plenty of money."

"Oh!" he said.

"Yes," she went on gravely. "Aunt gave me some, quite a lot. She," she drew out a new leather purse, and opening it displayed the contents. "It's all my own, my very own; she said. So that you need not be poor any longer. Will you take it?"

He forced back the smile, it did not cost him of an effort, for heaven knows he felt far, very far, from smiles or laughter.

"You'd better keep it for the present; against a rainy day, Nora," he said. "Besides, I've got some left."

He drew the shilling from its warm hiding-place and held it up.

Her eyes gleamed and she drew a long breath.

"Yes," she murmured. "I knew you would keep it."

She watched him put it back, with an exquisite satisfaction; and then went on with her recital.

"I found the way at last, after I'd thought that I should never get here; then I was afraid to knock. This house seemed in quite a grand street, and I was just thinking of walking about for the rest of night——"

"Great heaven!" he breathed, as he thought of the dangers of the London streets at midnight. It was difficult for him to realize, even now, that she was playing a man's part, and that everyone would have her a boy tramp.

"But just as I was turning away, a gentleman opened the door. He was dressed like those other gentlemen who went away just now, but he was smoking a short clay pipe."

Vane laughed. It must have been Porter snatching a few whiffs of his favorite pipe in the open air.

"And I plucked up courage and asked him if he knew you. He stared at me at first, stared at me so hard that I was afraid that he saw that I was only a girl; but presently he asked me to come up here, and," she drew a long breath, "and here I am, at last. At last."

"Yes, here you are at last!" said Vane idiotically, as he felt. He got up and poured her out another glass of wine, and brought her some biscuits and cake. "Now you must eat and drink while I think a minute or two, Nora," he said; then while she made a pretence of eating and sipped the wine, he said—

"And you are not sorry you came?"

It was a dangerous, a cruel question, and he would have recalled it when he saw the sudden pallor of her face and the startled look in her eyes.

"Sorry?" she echoed; "are—are you?" She set the wine-glass down as she spoke.

"No, no, no!" he made haste to answer. "I—I was thinking of your aunt, and whether—whether you won't want to go back to her after—after a time?"

She shook her head and looked at him with frank sadness.

"No. Why should I? She never cared for me. Never."

"No?" said Vane. "Not cared——?"

"No," she said, almost inaudibly. "I was always like a burden to her. When I left I wanted to kiss her——" she stopped. "No, she never cared for me. I think she is glad I am gone. Not that I am dead. I don't say that." She paused a moment. "I can't go back," she went on. "I am dead—dead! don't you understand? Everybody thinks that the boat upset and that I was drowned."

"I see," said Vane, suppressing a sigh and a groan.

He had thought that she might have expressed some sorrow and regret on her aunt's account, some faint desire to return to her. And if she had done so, he had been prepared to jump up, call a cab, whirl her to the station, and take her back.

"Well, then it's settled that you won't—can't—go back, and—and there's an end of it. And now I must think out the whole business."

"Yes?" she said placidly. "No, I could not go back; and even if I were still alive, why should I go back; that is, if you still want to have me with you?" and she let her eyes rest upon him with sweet gravity and perfect innocence.

"Yes—yes, of course!" said Vane. "But look here, you must be tired to death; you must go and get some rest, and to-morrow—that is, later on to-day," and he laughed, "while we are at breakfast you and I will plan it all out. Yes, that's the best thing to do!"

He lit a candle and nodded towards the door of the smaller bedroom—it was divided from his by the lobby—and tossed her the key.

"You get a good night's sleep. I'll tell them not to call you till—oh, till mid-day. Good-night, or rather good-morning!"

"Good-night," she said. "I shall sleep—oh, I shall sleep for days, if someone does not wake me!"

* * * * * *

Nora went into her room and locked the door. She was very tired, but filled with a peaceful happiness which she neither understand nor tried to understand, only felt.

She looked round the small apartment with pleased astonishment at its daintiness. It was prettier even than the room she had just left; and never had she even imagined anything so luxurious as the furniture of satin-wood, the delicate china and glass, the gracefully-draped bed.

Her heart went out in gratitude to the big "brother," who had so completely fulfilled his word, and her last thought was of him as she fell into the deep, profound sleep of physical and mental exhaustion.

As for Vane, he went to his room and paced up and down, trying to realize that she was actually there and in his care; and, harder task still, endeavoring to hit upon some plan whereby he could save her from the consequences of the awful step which, in her perfect innocence and ignorance, she had taken.

That he should take her to anyone now was simply impossible. No, the die was cast, and he and she had to abide by the result.

Would it be possible, he asked himself, to carry on the deception? For a time, at any rate, and until he could devise some scheme by which he could either restore her to her aunt or place her in the care of some respectable woman. He recalled all the stories he had ever heard or read of women who had passed themselves off for men, and, to his comfort, remembered that there were proved instances in which women had lived through a long life disguised as men. Why should not Nora be able to retain her assumed character for, say, a week or two longer?

Indeed there was, so far as he could see, no other course for them than to keep up the deception. After all, who would suspect her? He himself had not detected her, though he knew her so well, and had been thinking of her only an hour or so before. Besides, now he came to think of it, he had already committed himself. He had introduced her to Wally and the rest, and had told some cock-and-bull story of her having deserted. What was it he had told them? he asked himself, with his hand to his brow.

Never in all his life had he been in such a "scrape" as this. And he had been plunged into it—and drawn her into it—by a few careless, thoughtless words!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COMMA.—A Prussian school inspector appeared in the office of the burgomaster of a little town for the purpose of asking him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the schools. The burgomaster, rather out of sorts, muttered, "Does this donkey come again?" The inspector awaited his time for a proper answer, according to the immortal advice, "Vengeance is a dish that must be eaten cool."

When the inspector was introduced to the teacher, he said he was curious to see how well punctuation was taught. The burgomaster, the local supervisory authority, said, "Never mind that; we care naught for commas and the like!"

But the inspector ordered a boy to go to the board and write, "The burgomaster of R. says, The inspector is a donkey." Then he ordered him to change the comma by placing it after "R.," and insert one after "inspector;" thus—"The burgomaster of R., says the inspector, is a donkey."

"HAVE you anything to say before we eat you?" said the King of the Cannibal Isles to a Boston missionary. "I have," was the reply. "I want to talk to you awhile on the advantages of a vegetarian diet."

FAILURE OR SUCCESS?

BY SUSANNA J.

Since I have done with Youth's unfinished story
And laid aside the volume still unread,
I sometimes wonder, thinking of the glory
That is on other lives so fully shed—

Have I, like some imprisoned plant, grown blindly,
Stretching weak shoots towards a far-off light
That drew and warped, instead of fostering kindly,
Then failed, and left me helpless in the night?

Or can it be, dear voice of Consolation,
That all these failures tend but to success—
These hours of mistrust, trial, and negation
Ensure the coming harvest's fruitfulness?

And, at the end, when it is mine to gather
The ripened ears that now so slowly fill,
Shall I regret no more, but question rather
Why I endured so feebly and so ill?

An Only Child.

BY MRS. H. W.

CHAPTER III.

IT is the dawn of day. And since the evening last spoken of, so full of painful event to the inmates of one home, that dawn has, some five or six times, risen upon the world.

A large, cheerful chamber. Everything about it rendering it fitted to be the abode of illness; plenty of air, but capable of being warmed, and kept warm, if necessary. The curtains are thrown away from the bed, save on the side where the light is dawning, and the lamp with its shade is placed far away, so that its rays shall not affect the patient.

An attendant sits near to that lamp, her head leaning on the high back of the chair, as if from fatigue, and a shawl is drawn closely round her; she evidently feels the chill of that early morning; it is the nurse who has attended the child from her infancy.

Seated nearer the bed, with her eyes fixed on the face of her who lies there, is the governess, Miss Harding; her features looking contracted with anxiety, and her pale lips slightly parted. She is watching anxiously; watching she knows not for what; for but little more change can be expected to appear in that cherished patient, and the one great change they scarcely look for yet.

Lying across a corner of the bed's foot, lying prostrate, her head buried in the counterpane, is a gray-haired woman, the very impersonation of keen, hopeless misery. If she could but shed tears it would be better for her, but her anguish is too intense for any such relief. She has shed them abundantly within the last few days, but now it seems as if they were dried up for ever. Oh pity, pity her, for her only child is dying.

How many children in that very village had got safely over this same scarlet fever—brought through its dangers by good Mr. Rice! And yet she, the one it would almost seem marked out by God to be loved here, gifted with an angel's beauty, endowed with pre-eminent intellect, possessing a disposition the noblest and sweetest, she, Georgina Vereker, the very life of her mother's life, was doomed to sink under its malignant toils and die!

The day after it was ascertained what her illness was, the physician from the country town, desired by Mrs. Vereker, was sent for. Not that Mr. Rice saw any necessity for it, but Mrs. Vereker was so painfully anxious, and perhaps the symptoms were not quite so light and favorable as they sometimes are.

So the physician came; one well-known by name all over the county, and in adjoining counties also; for Mrs. Vereker would not have chosen him had he been second in fame to any. We, not to be personal, will call him Dr. Winham. He came. He could do no more than Mr. Rice had already done; but at his second visit he saw cause for apprehension; and, indeed, Mr. Rice began to see it then.

And this same cause for apprehension—the symptoms, rather—had gone on from doubtful to serious, from serious to bad, from bad to worse; and there lay Mrs. Vereker in what may be looked upon as the very extremity of earthly misery, baffling in her breast the dreadful question, "Would this be her child's last day of life?".

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Other children—at least many of them—were not prayed for, were not tended, were not watched as this one was.

Every care was lavished upon Georgina Vereker; every art that the most subtle physician (and two had been called in now) could invent, was skilfully tried; every moment of her precious life was weighed and tended.

They, those others, less favored though they were in attendant circumstances, had struggled through it; some with aid of a simple practitioner, such as Mr. Rice, some without medical aid at all; some well tended, many badly; they had lived through all, and recovered, and were strong again, whilst her life was hanging like a hair in the balance.

It is unnecessary to describe the appearances and changes of the disease; the reading of them would but be painful to many; for towards the end, as the case here, they sometimes grow peculiarly distressing.

Before the beams of the sun had well risen on the earth, Mr. Rice entered the house. He had not left it until long after midnight; but, indeed, for the last few days he had almost lived there. He saw no change for the better, he observed to Mrs. Vereker—he did see a change for the worse, but he did not tell her that.

Soon after ten the physicians arrived. What could they say? what do? They saw that the little girl's sands of life had nearly run out; but it would have been cruelty, so they agreed in their physicianly ideas, to intimate as much to Mrs. Vereker.

Who shall describe the awful suspense of that day, the excitement out of doors—for the whole neighborhood was astir, everyone loving Georgina Vereker—the terrible excitement in? The little child herself was not conscious; she had been at times on the previous day, but that had passed.

"Am I going to die, mamma?" she had feebly asked, during one of these lucid intervals, raising her poor heavy eyes towards her mother, and laying within hers her little feeble hand.

Mrs. Vereker sought to answer cheerfully; she would have given half she was worth to be enabled to do so; but it required an effort and a control far beyond any she had it in her power to call forth. A torrent of sobs, in spite of her struggles, overwhelmed her; and she laid her face upon the suffering child's, and passionately whispered her hopes that she might die with her.

Evening came, and with it again came the two physicians, the journey from the city by rail occupying a very inconsiderable portion of time. The child seemed better than she was in the morning, more quiet, and in less pain; seemed better; but they were not deceived.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Mrs. Vereker, following them from the sick-room—following them with her shaking frame and tottering steps, "have you no hope to give me?"

One of the physicians, he bore a title, was a man of few words, and of a nervous manner; he seldom spoke without hesitation, almost a stammer, and he seemed to hesitate now; but Dr. Wilham hastened to address the lady.

"We see little difference, madam, little difference in the symptoms, if any. There may be a change by to-morrow."

"She is surely better," cried Mrs. Vereker; "she seems out of pain. Think how restless she was in the morning."

"Madame, we would be willing to give you every consolation in our power," returned Dr. Winham, studying to frame his speech that it should convey as little meaning as possible to an unmedical ear. "These quiet interludes are not always a favorable phase of the malady—they may be for good, or they may not."

"Gentlemen," cried the unhappy lady, caring little what she said or did in her painfully wild excitement, and, laying her fevered hands upon those of Dr. Winham, "save my child. If there be any human means, if there be any earthly aid still untried, oh, hasten to employ it. I will reward you both as never medical man has been rewarded hitherto, if you will but save my child."

"Dear madame," replied Dr. Winham, speaking soothingly and feelingly, "we are already doing all in our power, and were there any other known remedies, we should not require the offer of a reward ere we hastened to test them."

"Will you have further help?" she reiterated. "Another of your brother physicians—two of them—as many as you will. Do not cast a thought to expense. Oh, save my child! I look to you, under God, to save my child."

What could they answer? Only reiterate hopes and consoling words, vague as they were vain. And the knight observed that if she had all the medical men of W—— around the bed, they could not do more than was being done.

"You will not go?" she exclaimed. "At least, you will remain the night?"

"Madame," said Dr. Wilham, "it is out of our power; we have both of us a consultation to attend in W——; and," he added looking at his watch, "we must hasten thither to be in time. Yet, be assured, if there were the slightest possible benefit that could accrue to the child by our remaining, one at least would have made arrangements to do so. There is no earthly thing that can be tried more than is being already tried, and Mr. Rice will remain with her."

The physicians hastened their departure. "How long do you give her?" inquired one of the other, as they walked towards the railway station.

"Go off in the night, I fancy," was the answer. "It will be a shocking blow to the mother."

"Ah, poor thing! she is to be pitied. I wonder whether the discussion of this new measure will come on to-night in the Lords."

From death to worldly affairs; so it ever will be. And these physicians were no more callous than their brethren not of the profession.

The sun had set. The gray twilight was falling upon the sick room, throwing the bed into its shade—a darker shadow scarcely needed to be cast upon the little face that lay there dying. An angel's face they had called it on earth; soon now to be changed into that of a pure angel in heaven.

The deepest silence reigned in the room. Mr. Rice sat by the bed; the governess stood away, her forehead pressed against one of the cold window-panes; and the fond, faithful nurse was indulging in silent tears.

But Mrs. Vereker! She knelt there at the head of the bed, her face resting on the pillow, and her warm cheek almost placed in contact with Georgina's. Mr. Rice had tried in vain to arouse her; words and silence seemed alike useless.

For the twentieth time the surgeon stooped over the little, passive face, straining his eyes to look at it by what light remained, and listening to the painful breathing. And this time, with a somewhat hasty movement, he passed his hand across her brow, and, from that, laid it, still hurriedly, upon her little hand, and then called in an under-tone to the nurse, who came forward with silent footsteps.

"A light, instantly," he whispered.

Oh, the change that had passed over that unconscious face! Surely, surely, it was that of death! No, not yet, not quite of death, but one of the changes which are apt immediately to precede it.

What a frightful emotion was it that was attacking Mrs. Vereker? for she had looked with the rest. It was not hysterics; it was not convulsions; it was not insanity; something, perhaps, of all three. The heavy eyelids in that changing face partly unclosed themselves at the wild sounds. Mr. Rice acted with promptness; he made a sign to the nurse, called to another servant, and, together, the three bore Mrs. Vereker by force to her chamber, and laid her on her bed.

When the violence of her emotion had somewhat spent itself and she looked up, Mr. Rice had retired, but another gentleman was standing there in his place. It was the Reverend Mr. Chenevix, the hard-working, indefatigable rector of the parish; the first to administer consolation to a bed of sorrow, the last to leave it.

He had come up in the twilight hour, thinking some in the house might need those whispered words, which none, save a minister of God, can so effectively utter.

"Let me go to her," burst forth Mrs. Vereker, passionately. "If I am not to die with her, as I have prayed, let me at least see the last of her."

Mr. Chenevix gently restrained her.

"There is little more to see," he answered. "The last is all but over, and, indeed, it is not fitting that you should be there. But, oh, Mrs. Vereker! recollect that she is being removed from a world of sin and sorrow to a place where sin and sorrow cannot enter."

Mr. Chenevix could not continue, for a torrent of words, of passion, of unrestrained grief, in its wildest indulgence, broke from the lips of the unhappy lady, and overwhelmed his voice.

"Sin and sorrow for her!" were some of the intelligible words he caught—"who shall dare to say it? Who was guarded from it as she was?—whose fate in life was so bright as hers?—who would watch over another as I would have watched over her, and sheltered her from all harm? Give such consolation to those whom it may fit—it cannot apply to me! Oh, Georgina! Georgina! why did God give her to me to remove her again—why let me taste the bliss of heaven upon earth to snatch it away? Why should I be singled out for misery?—other mothers can keep their children; others, whose love and care are not a tithe of mine!—what have I done that this heavy blow should be visited upon me?"

"The ways of God are past finding out," broke in the quiet voice of the minister. 'When these afflictions are sent to us, we are apt to look upon them but as afflictions, not seeing the mine of love and mercy that is hidden in their working."

"Who was so beautiful as Georgina?" wailed the prostrated woman; "who so loving and beloved! Who was so bright an ornament here? who was so fitting for earth?"

"Say, rather, who was so fitting for heaven," interrupted the clergyman, meekly. "That is a brighter land than this, Mrs. Vereker; and God himself is there waiting to wipe away the tears from all eyes. Be assured that he has been compassionate to you in His wisdom, though you may see it not."

"I cannot live without her—I cannot live! Is there no hope? Oh, if God would spare her life and take mine!"

"God's judgment is not as ours," remonstrated the clergyman. "He may be snatching your child from the evil to come. The paths of the least afflicted here are but as paths of thorns; some of them more thorny than we can well bear."

With a sudden spring Mrs. Vereker left the side of the bed, where she had been reclining, and knelt down before it, a reckless prayer pouring from her lips.

"Almighty God, Thou who art sending this affliction upon me, oh in Thy great love and mercy avert it. Spare my child to me! Let her path here be as the paths of others if Thou wilt, thorny, sorrowful, but, oh, spare her life; leave me not here alone to support this dire anguish."

Mr. Chenevix would have raised her, speaking remonstrating but soothing words; he saw how useless it was to say much then.

"As one of God's creatures, as one who hopes some time to be taken to that home of bliss wither your daughter is hastening, I entreat you, Mrs. Vereker, let your supplications to the Most High be of a different nature, couched in different words. He knows what is best for you; pray only that His will may be done—may he give you grace to implore it with your whole heart."

But she cared not, heard him not; and pushing him from her with reckless impetuosity, the same wild, startling cry was carried up to heaven imploringly:

"Not Thy will, Lord, but mine be done!"

CHAPTER IV.

"NOT Thy will, Lord, but mine be done!" Such was the substance of the prayer poured forth by Mrs. Vereker.

But a very short period had elapsed, and Mr. Chenevix was still venturing to speak what he could of consolation, when Mrs. Vereker, looking up from the bed where she was again reclining, saw Mr. Rice enter the room. He came up, and stood by the minister. His face wore a strange expression of hope and joy, causing the life-blood to beat in her heart as it had not yet beaten since the first hours of Georgina's illness.

"Can you bear hope," he said, "better than you have borne despair?"

She did not answer. She looked at him with her fearfully eager eyes; their expression too plainly asking him what she could not.

"The alarming change that took place in the child's countenance, when you were hurried from the room—I do not know that it was for death."

"The best and the worst," she murmured; "let me know it."

"Then I think it was the crisis of the disorder, and that the child is better," the surgeon answered. "She is sleeping sweetly now."

With a sharp cry, partly of joy, partly of pain, Mrs. Vereker essayed to rise from the bed, but the doctor laid his arm across her.

"Not for the world," he utter. "I know what you would do; you would hasten to the bedside of your daughter, and your presence there might undo all the good that is being done. I do not say she will recover, but I do say there is now a chance of it; and to give that chance a fair trial, she must be kept perfectly still, and free from excitement."

Mrs. Vereker clasped Mr. Rice's hands, and burst into a flood of more refreshing tears than any she had in her whole life shed.

"I will do all you wish," she uttered; "only come to me from time to time, and tell me that my child's life is being spared."

"I will come to you with news of the slightest change that shall take place in her," answered the surgeon; and as he left the room on his return to Georgina's chamber, Mrs. Vereker turned her face to Mr. Chenevix, and, sobbing upon his arm, declared that Heaven had answered her prayer.

It seemed that the child's life was to be spared; for an hour succeeded hour, day, day, and week, week, she appeared to grow gradually but surely on to convalescence; and ere the summer well came, she was sporting about, gay as ever.

To describe the ecstatic joy of her mother would be impossible; no words could do justice to it; no imagination, however vivid, could adequately portray it; the word "idolatry" would be weak as applied to the feeling cherished by Mrs. Vereker for her child. Be assured that Heaven never meant an all-absorbing passion, such as this, to be indulged in on earth.

But it is not of the childhood of Georgina Vereker that we need make further record. Let us hasten on.

CHAPTER V.

YEARS, years had gone by, almost as a dream in their swift flitting, and that one dangerous phase in Georgina's life—that period which had seemed to Mrs. Vereker as the concentration of all earthly agony—was become but as a remote link in life's remembrance. A more truly dangerous phase, though the mother saw it not, was advancing now.

Sweetly simple in appearance, yet queen-like; of manners gentle and winning, yet perfectly self-possessed; her beauty of the rarest character, yet betraying no vanity or consciousness of its own charm—such was Miss Vereker as she grew towards womanhood.

She was in her eighteenth year now, looking older, and her mother was painfully awake to the hints, dropped sometimes by friends, that one so attractive as Georgina would not be long suffered to remain an inmate of her maiden home. Mrs. Vereker would willingly have kept her in it for ever; and few were so carefully guarded from all advances of the other sex as was Georgina Vereker.

It was a lovely, fair afternoon in May, and Georgina sat drawing by the side of her mother. The windows were open to the ground, and Mrs. Vereker reclined in her easy-chair, now enjoying the scent wafted in from the garden flowers, now looking at the group of flowers Georgina was painting. There were few worldly accomplishments in which Georgina did excel; talents, rarely combined in one person, were united in her. She was a sweet singer, a brilliant player; in short, gifted as she was in person, so was she in talent and intellect.

"Here comes Ruth!" exclaimed Georgina, as a neat-looking young woman was seen approaching the house. She was the housemaid of Mrs. Chenevix.

"What is it, Ruth?" called out Mrs. Vereker, making a sign to the girl to approach the window.

"Miss Elizabeth has sent me up with this note, ma'am," was the servant's reply, handing the note she spoke of to Georgina.

"Ruth, I will go back with you," cried Georgina, as she read its contents. "Elizabeth wants me to spend the evening there mamma."

It may be observed, that Georgina did not say "May I go?" as most young ladies think it necessary to do when addressing a parent; she decided instantly for herself. But the extreme system of indulgence carried on by Mrs. Vereker had long caused Georgina's will to be law in all things; she governed, Mrs. Vereker obeyed.

Not that in this instance there could be any grounds for objecting to her wish. Elizabeth and Charlotte Chenevix were her intimate friends; they were good girls, desirable companions, and Georgina was often at the rectory.

"I'll go with Ruth now, mamma," she repeated, as she put aside her painting-box, "and you can send for me in the evening."

The large family of Mr. and Mrs. Chenevix were almost reared. The youngest boy was at college, and of the elders sons, one was just appointed to a country curacy, the rest were in various mercantile situations in London, hoping some time to make their way in the world.

The income of Mr. Chenevix, stretch it out as he would, was barely two hundred a year; a rich rectory, belonging to a small parish close by, was of the value of two thousand!

When will these disparities in a Christian Church be done away? So the Reverend Mr. Chenevix, like many another badly-paid reverend divine, was compelled to do something to increase his income, and he took pupils.

Half-a-dozen little boys, not more, who for the consideration of fifty pounds a year each, were boarded, lodged and instructed in the Rectory. He would willingly have given all his time to his clerical duties; to the poor, to the sick, to all the rest of the needs of a large parish; but neither he nor any other clergyman can bring up a large family, in the respectability suitable to their station, upon two hundred a year.

The question may have arisen in the mind of a looker-on, acquainted with the intimacy between the families, "Does Mr. Chenevix ever cast a thought towards Miss Vereker as a possible wife some day for one of his sons?"

No, Mr. Chenevix was not ambitious, and he never cast a thought towards anything so improbable, for he knew he might just as well have cast a thought towards one of the stars.

Georgina and the servant walked to the Rectory, taking the rural way through the fields in preference to that of the dusty road. As they came in view of the house, they observed a strange gentleman, young and handsome, as he looked from the distance, pacing to and fro the broad gravel walk in front of the Rectory windows, and talking to Mrs. Chenevix.

It proved to be Master Harry Lindon's guardian—Master Harry being one of the little pupils. A tall, fine, aristocratic-looking man, with a great deal of what the world might call beauty in his countenance, but mixed with a singularly disagreeable expression—half sinister, half sneer. It was only to be observed, however, when he was off his guard, or when his features were in repose. He looked about eight-and-twenty, but he may have been older.

He was invited to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Chenevix, as a matter of course. His handsome eyes would wander, perhaps in spite of his will, towards Miss Vereker, with a glance of earnest admiration; and she, as she once or twice caught that glance, blushed with a deep blush; secluded as she had been, admiration from one of the other sex was so new.

"Who is Mr. Lindon?" she inquired of Elizabeth Chenevix, in the course of the evening.

"We only know him as Harry Lindon's guardian," returned Miss Chenevix; "the cousin of his late father, I think Harry said one day. It is he who pays Harry's bills; but this is the first time he has come to see him."

Did a shadow of the future fall upon the heart of Mrs. Vereker that night? Not it; for how was it like that the remark made by her daughter on her return, that Harry Lindon's guardian had arrived from London to see him, and had taken tea at the Rectory, should induce it? A guardian! Mrs. Vereker associated the name with a staid, sober man, advanced in years, one with white hair, probably, like herself. It never occurred to her to suppose that this Mr. Lindon was young and handsome and Georgina did not mention that he was so.

They had probably imagined that Mr. Lindon would have returned to town immediately; but he remained in the village to "have some fishing," he said.

He took up his quarters at the village inn, the Cross Keys, the place contained two, but the Lion had but sorry accommodation for fastidious travelers. It may be that Mr. Lindon found the Cross Keys a desirable residence, for he stayed on, and seemed to give no intimation of departing. He was soon "up to the local politics," to quote his own phrase when speaking of the passing information he had acquired. He was an agreeable, talkative man when he pleased—and that was when he had an end to serve; and he entered freely into conversation with his host and hostess, who were pleased to be communicative in return; so that soon there was not a fact, not a surmise, not an old wife's tale, relative to the village and its inmates, that he was unacquainted with.

One day, about a month after his arrival he was leaning against the door of the hostess' back parlor, half in the garden, half in the room, lounging idly and smoking his meerschaum, when the conversation turned upon Mrs. Vereker.

"A very handsome girl," was Mr. Lindon's careless remark.

"The old lady knows it, too," returned his hostess, who was busy shelling peas; "and keeps her tightly as she would the very apple of her eye. You must understand, sir, the way in which the property is left naturally causes her to be cautious."

"How's that left?" inquired the gentleman.

"Half Mrs. Vereker's fortune goes to Miss Georgina unconditionally, when she shall be twenty-one; or on her wedding-day, should she marry previous to that. The rest will be hers at her mother's death."

"Marry with the mother's consent, I presume?"

"No, sir; the mother need not give her consent any more than you or I. Miss Georgina is left unfettered. Many persons censure Mr. Vereker for having made such a will; it may possibly place her in the power of a scamp, or fortune-hunter, who would marry her to get possession of her money."

Mr. Lindon retained his position against the door-post, and smoked slowly on till his pipe was exhausted. He then gave himself a hearty stretch or two, and sauntered upstairs to his bedroom.

A little alteration in his dress, a few touches to his hair and his shining whiskers, a removal of all odor left by his late indulgence, and he took his way to the field path leading from Mrs. Vereker's house to the Rectory, and there met Georgina.

Not for the first time had he now met her there. And, oh! what had that dangerous man been saying, what done, that that crimson blush, half timidity, half love, should rise to the young girl's face? Alas! alas! even from the very date of his arrival, he had been working to lay his coils round her maiden heart.

Working in secret, not openly; never man knew better than how to go about his work. Why, in the Rector's family it was thought that he admired Charlotte Chenevix; and the village, who, as usual, must interfere with everyone's affairs but its own, set down his lengthy stay to Charlotte's account. He had spoken of Charlotte's perfections to Mrs. Vereker; he had hinted to her that a clergyman's daughter, domestically brought up, would be the very match that a man of moderate fortune, like himself, ought to make. But what cared he for Charlotte Chenevix?—what would he have cared had he gained her love and broken her heart?—all his aim was to throw Mrs. Vereker off her guard, to blind her to his admiration for Georgina.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"BROTHER JONATHAN" AND "UNCLE SAM."—"Brother Jonathan," the popular nickname of the United States, arose, says the author of Names and Their Meanings, out of the person of Jonathan Trumbull, the Governor of Connecticut, whom General Washington never failed to consult in cases of emergency. "We must refer the matter to Brother Jonathan," he was wont to exclaim, when no other officer could offer any practical suggestion; and, true enough, Brother Jonathan proved himself in every instance equal to the confidence reposed in him. Another stock name for the United States is "Uncle Sam." This originated from a vulgar misconception of the initial letters "U. S." (United States) for those of the well-known sobriquet of an official whose business it was to mark them on all Government property. The numerous acquaintances of this person understood that the goods so marked had passed through the hands of Uncle Sam, and, the joke becoming popular, it spread far and wide, until in the end it was considered far too good to allow it to drop.

SEVERAL hundred cats are maintained by the United States Government, and the cost of their support is a regular item on the accounts of the Post-office Department. They are distributed among the post-offices in the chief cities, where they perform their duty of keeping rats and mice from destroying postal matter and mail sacks.

IT IS BUT WRETCHED POLICY to allow yourself to drift into an incurable disease, by neglecting the earliest and most tractable symptoms. By contentedly waiting for a Cold to get well of itself, many a one has so damaged the structure of his Lungs as to put himself beyond the reach of medicines, before being conscious of danger. How much safer on the first indications of a Cold, to resort to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an efficacious remedy for Coughs, Asthma, and all Bronchial Affections, and sure to exert a beneficial influence on the organs of the Chest.

Scientific and Useful.

PLASTER OF PARIS.—To make plaster of Paris hard so that it will not break easily, mix it with from three to ten per cent. of powdered marsh-mallow-root.

COPYING INK.—Typewriter copying-ink may be made from aniline colors dissolved in alcohol and added to glycerine. Dilute with water and apply to the ribbon. Castor-oil may be used instead of glycerine.

BLIND AND DEAF.—An invention designed as a private means of conversing among the blind and deaf has been devised by Henry G. Stephens, a war veteran, living at Stratford, Conn. His invention consists of a woven mitten upon which is a raised alphabet.

TIMBER.—Heavy oil or tar, commonly called creosote, and also the chloride of zinc are used for preserving timber. The latter process is called "burnettising," and it is claimed that by its use the life of a hemlock railway sleeper, which ordinarily is three years, can be extended to sixteen years.

SOAPSTONE.—In China soapstone is largely used in preserving structures built of sandstone and other stones liable to crumble from the effect of the atmosphere; and the covering with powdered soapstone in the form of paint on some of the obelisks in that country composed of stone liable to atmospheric deterioration has been the means of preserving them intact for hundreds of years.

THE GUMS.—For those who have sensitive gums inclined to bleed on slight provocation, a mouth-wash of salt and cold water used once a day will harden the gums and prevent soreness. As salt is a styptic, any slight bleeding may usually be checked by treating the part with salt and water. Persons with delicate feet should give them a brisk rubbing daily with cold salt and water.

HOLE-BORING.—An ingenious German, has invented a hole-boring contrivance which may be driven either by foot, hand or steam power. The holes drilled by this dainty instrument are but one-thousandth of an inch in diameter and are the smallest that man has yet been able to pierce. The machine has a capacity of 22,000 revolutions per minute and is intended solely for drilling holes through diamonds, sapphires, rubies and other precious stones.

Farm and Garden.

FOR PROFIT.—All of the stock on the farm are kept for profit, and the better they are cared for the greater the profit. Work on the principle that if it pays to keep stock at all, it pays to keep them well.

READY FOR MARKET.—A good system in managing your stock is to keep it in such condition that it is ready for market at any time. Then good prices cannot come and go again while you are getting ready to take advantage of them.

WHEELBARROWS.—One of the most handy utensils about a farm and barnyard is a wheelbarrow, whose wheel has a broad tire. The common narrow tire on a barrow wheel cuts into the soft ground so that it makes it a very hard vehicle to propel.

FEEDING.—All stock feeding should be done with a view of saving the fertility which is in the food and getting it back upon the land. This puts it at work again in the way of producing something more that is of value, and the rotation thus procured is the highway to success. A rotation of crops is not the only rotation to which farmers must pay attention.

BUTTER.—An experienced butter maker claims that if the churn is first scalded with hot water and then rinsed with cold water, the cream will not pack into the corners or crevices nor adhere to the sides. Then after the churning and the withdrawal of butter and the buttermilk, reverse this process—that is, first thoroughly rinse with cold water and then scald with hot water, and the operation is complete.

SPECIALTIES.—This is a time for specialties. In every line of business the man who has a good specialty stands the best chance of success. A profitable specialty in the live stock business, and one that is not overdone, is the breeding of high-class dairy cows for family use. In every town and village can be found buyers who are willing to pay exceedingly good prices if they can procure really good cows for home use.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1894.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.50
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

On Old Age.

One cannot think of old age alone and undisturbed. Snatches of thought from a score of the masters of thought intrude themselves upon us, waylay us, haunt our musings, and will not be expelled, for "the wonder of flying time, so hard to understand," has arrested every watcher of the lives of men, and from such as can change their dreaming into words of music it has drawn forth some of the saddest harmonies of literature.

We cannot with a rough hand push back these wise intruding counselors; we will let them have their say. The pathos of life comes chiefly at its beginning and its ending. To the strong, capable, conquering man, who "feels his life in every limb," how tender do the fragility and ignorance of childhood appear—the way so long, the haps so uncertain, the route so undetermined!

And how touching, too, is old age as it totters past, life's energies outworn, the body bent and seamed and gnarled, prisoning as under winter frosts the generous sap that once vivified the man! No wonder that men are startled from time to time by their own sad progression, and that the silent, almost imperceptible on-coming of age is watched, in the few scarce moments when we have time for introspection, with an interest that is softly tinged and toned by self-pity.

No one hankers to be old. As Emerson said, with a humor rare and fugitive in his writings, "Few envy the consideration enjoyed by the oldest inhabitant." We most of us feel with the pensive Charles Lamb that we would "fain lay our ineffectual finger upon the spoke of Time's great wheel"—that the metaphors of the poets solace us not, nor "sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality."

Let the poets say what they will, the sadness of age is the thought that strikes us first—strikes us with a choking chill as we watch our friends decline into the vale of years. The young and lusty, who hear the tumult of their days before them, will forgive us, if, in this winter-time, when life is numbed and strained, we linger for a few more sentences over the pathos of man's unsunned later years.

It is not that we bear a coward's grudge against "Time's thievish progress to eternity." No one who has had the happiness to arrive thus far on his journey has a right to rail because the road is not longer. Old Montaigne has quaintly pointed out that we should do well to remember that "the age into which we are come is an age whereto many do not arrive; and, since others come not to it, it is a sign that we are very forward, and have no right to hope that we shall go much farther; rather have we had extraordinary fortune to have continued so long."

The common tragedy of man's "taking off" is not so sad as the slow wear of time which denudes him of his brightest faculties, undermines the hopes that buoyed him up, and makes the objects for which he strove appear less worthy of attainment and less satisfying when he comes into possession.

And yet—to turn away from the mournful aspect of the subject—age has has many recompenses; except where it sinks into physical decay and senility and the wearied spirit itself seems to grow old, it has the advantage of youth. Mere years afford no index to a man's genuine age; they often label him as belonging to quite the wrong stage of life.

Which is the pleasanter, youth or age? And when does old age come? Those are questions that would afford a wide scope for debate, and which would draw upon the most intimate and heart-felt experiences of men. To many of us the gushing yearnings, "Oh for the days of my childhood!" have a very hollow ring. Rather do we pity our weakling state; it is an uneasy dream, palpitating with so many cares and fears and strivings that it is the part of our life that we have least desire to repeat.

It will not for a moment compare with the full ripe experience of manhood; for there is no reason why the freshness of youth should not mingle with the wisdom and fortitude of age. The compilers of statistics tell us that life is lengthening out with surprising rapidity, and men too are gaining something more than years; their longer day is filled right up to nightfall with all the interests and activities of its noontide.

An interesting corroboration of the lengthening of life may be found in the literature of old age. Montaigne mentions with disapproval the dispensing with the services of knights at the age of forty-five. He thinks they ought not to be sent "to their place of sojourning" before they are fifty-five—ages these at which we regard men as being in their prime, and as having hardly accumulated a full measure of experience, in spite of the fact that all the world of to-day has been pouring knowledge upon them.

We are not denying that in some cases old age is crabbed, selfish, avaricious, thoughtless, garrulous, and vain, just as in other cases it is calm, wise, fortified, considerate, and tolerant. We are in age what we have been in our youth and in our prime; character becomes set and ossified, and the only way to avoid a loveless old age and to prepare ourselves a court in which reverence and affection rule is to shape our thoughts and impulses aright while character is a-making. How will our years be passed when we come to the days in which the book of life lies open at its latest page?

The secret of a bright, full, and contented age is found in the continuance—mildly and quietly, it may be—of all the interests of the active world. We may, as the poet has put it, cause the Gulf Stream of our youth to flow into the Arctic regions of our lives, and so the years that otherwise would be bare and sterile will be warmed and fructified.

Let us strive to keep our natures magnetized, so that they may respond to all the present aspirations and doubts of humanity, so that we may not be only spectators, watching a played-out drama, the end of which we know and in which we have small personal concern, but rather that we may be actors, still taking our part with zest though it be but a small one, bringing, as occasion serves, "from the treasure-house of years some fair-set counsel long-time worn," steadying the tumultuous energies of youth, but never failing in responsiveness to its dreams of a better day, though we may know that its remedies will not transform the world more quickly than did our own panaceas.

NOBODY cares for the automatic man and woman, who appear to go by clock-work, and to want oiling. The error of complete unreserve should be avoided too. It is less repulsive than its opposite, but it does infinitely more mischief. A man had better seal up his thoughts and feelings in his own breast than sputter them forth, in season and out of season, to everybody he meets. Such incontinency of speech is sure to make the person guilty of it unpopular, and to create general embarrassment and alarm in the circle in which he MOVES.

WE must not forget that the world owes obligations to the aged. We owe them the debt of gratitude, and we must help them to bear their burden. Both the aged and the young must learn to appreciate each other's position, because nature needs them both, and has ordered it that it should be so. Every other period of our life is a period of advancement, a period of change. Old age is a period of stand-still, and, no further development being needed, none is accomplished, and none must be expected.

IT is wonderful how few real blessings there are that any person who lives by labor cannot enjoy just as well as the men who roll in wealth. The millionaire cannot surpass the ordinary worker in his appetite for food; he cannot coax any sweeter or more restful sleep. The air is just as pure and bracing for the worker as it is for him. He cannot love his children any better than the poorer man can love his—cannot be any truer to his friends.

THE satisfaction of work well done is of itself a happiness with which few others can compare in its solid and enduring character. Of course no idler however wealthy he may be, no frivolous and trifling person, no mere mercenary or time-server can ever taste the flavor of this enjoyment. It is reserved for the faithful toiler in any department whose aim is excellence.

IN our relations to other people good temper is a never-failing friend and helper. It disposes us favorably toward those we are with, leads us to consult their peculiarities, to understand their difficulties, to make allowance for their shortcomings, and thus to exercise a real influence over them. It is of itself an attractive force, whereas ill-temper always repels.

THE success of a plant depends not upon its size, as compared with the other plants of the garden, but upon its steady and healthy growth. So the success of a human life does not depend so much upon the rank it takes among others as upon its own continual progress.

IF one could weigh the motive power that affects the mind, it would be found that one ounce of responsibility laid upon a man has more effect in determining his conduct, and even his character, than tons of good advice, lay or clerical, or hundredweights even of good example.

GENIUS without energy is an exquisitely-wrought engine without steam, an object of admiration without use, where the highest capability of speed is motionless, and unfitted, by the peculiarity of its structure, for all practical purposes.

IT is a common saying that "time is money," but it is also a great deal more—it is opportunity, skill, ability, character—and to waste it is to waste life itself, with all it holds in store.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

RESTIVE.—Warren Hastings was the first Governor-General of India. His impeachment trial was one of the most celebrated cases in the legal annals of Great Britian. He was acquitted.

PARSLEY.—Scotch law does not permit a second trial for any cause criminal, even where the verdict 'not proven' is returned. The matter is then settled. "Not proven" is in effect equal to our "not guilty."

ORGAN.—Licenses to itinerant musicians are granted in Vienna by the police, but only to those who are unable to earn their livelihood by any other means, and who, in consequence of having minor children to take care of, or for any other reason, cannot be admitted into poor-house.

L. E. G.—The Count de Chambord, being the son of the eldest branch, and claiming the right divine of kings, must be in pure legitimacy the true King of France, especially as the grandsons of Louis-Philippe have vacated their claim, which was, by the way, of little avail, as King Louis-Philippe was a citizen and elected King of the French.

G. V.—The average duration of human life is said to be about 33 years. It is also stated that one-quarter of the people on the earth die before the age of 6; one-half before the age of 16, and about one person of each 100 born lives to the age of 65. 2. The deaths on the earth are calculated at 67 per minute, 97,-700 per day, and 35,630,833 per year; the births at 70 per minute, 100,800 per day, and 36,792,000 per year.

L. B.—Quakerism established a church organization in 1633. They are the only sect without a creed, liturgy, priesthood or sacrament. Their accordance of almost equal rights to women is the first recorded step toward equality of the sexes. George Fox, the son of a weaver of Drayton, England, was the founder of the sect. He began to preach in 1648 and in 1653 seventy-three preachers were promulgating his doctrines. The original title was "Children of Light."

S. W.—Hyperion was a beautiful and early Grecian divinity, the son of Coins and Terra (heaven and earth). He married his sister Thoia (divine power), who bore him Helios, Selene, and Aurora. But his brothers conspired against him—thus far the myth. Some read it that Hyperion, a learned astronomer, discovered the motions of Helios (the sun), and Selene (the moon), and the course of the winds (Aurora). Why Longfellow chose the name for his romance you may now perhaps divine for yourself.

WOULD-BE DOCTOR.—You may take it that the blood is one-thirteenth of the total bodily weight; but do imagine that death would ensue only after all that quantity had been taken out of the body. There is a certain equilibrium between the blood and the vessels containing it, and, as soon as a certain quantity has been withdrawn, the remaining blood in the various organs begins to coagulate. Then much depends on the organ from which the blood is drawn. It is impossible for us to give you a fixed percentage the loss of which would cause death.

M. P.—The Poste Restante is intended solely for the accommodation of strangers and travelers who have no permanent abode in cities abroad; letters or parcel for residents must not be addressed to the Post-Office "to be called for," and strangers must not, as a rule, use the Poste Restante for more than two months; after that, they are expected to have their letters sent to a private address; it is not generally known that letters or parcels addressed "Poste Restante" to initials or fictitious names are not retained, but are at once sent back to the writers when practicable; for full information apply to the clerk on duty.

WRITEHALL.—Your operations must be governed by the principle that "water find its own level." The velocity of the current, four and a half miles per hour, indicates that the water comes from a higher level at no great distance; consequently there should be no great difficulty in utilizing it for the irrigation of your meadow. There is no need to place a door the width of the stream; the usual course in such cases is to build a projecting pier from each bank, and place a sluice-gate sliding in grooves between the ends of the two piers; or a door like the lock-gate of a canal would answer the purpose; or, again, the door might be swung from a bar resting on the ends of the pier. The water behind cannot rise to a higher level at any point than the top of the door.

COZ.—The girl may be pure and high-principled, and all the rest, but she must not start a sentimental correspondence with a married man. Nothing tickles a girl's innocent vanity so much as to think that she and she alone has the power to reform a man. This fact is known to all men, and the bad ones cause mischief through that knowledge. The girl may make excuses to herself, but the fact is that she has still a fondness for her old lover, and she fancies there can be no harm in playing at Platonic affection. There is very great harm indeed; the first letter of an affectionate nature that the girl sends will put her to some degree in her correspondent's power. Then suppose the wife says, "What business has any woman writing to a married man? Let me see that handwriting again, if she dares!" Thus your well-meaning sentimentalist inflicts a bout of nagging on her admirer instead of doing him good, as she fondly hoped. Sentiment causes more positive harm than many forms of vice.

LIFE'S MORNING SUN.

BY M. ARNOLD.

Yes, thou art gone! And round me too the Night
In ever-nearing circles weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day;
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with gray;

I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon Life's headlong train—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears which seemed so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine Youth,
And high the mountain-tops in cloudy air—
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth—
Tops in Life's morning sun so bright and bare.

The Little Black Ghost.

BY MAY CROMMELIN.

AN evening in May. The sun had set, and two or three faint stars were pulsing in the twilight sky. As I lay back in the open carriage and looked to right and left, scanning the forest on either side of the road, this English landscape affected me deeply with its living beauty, its memories of a dead romantic past. A green and blue world it was. A pale green one tinged with bronze above, where the young oaks extended their branches; and a blue world underneath, where the hyacinth bells were ranked in millions, a gorgeous, deep, sapphire blue, spreading far under the trees into twilight.

"How lovely, lovely, lovely it is!" I exclaimed. O, it was not because I was an untraveled person that the rhapsody escaped me. The Ardennes, the Black Forest, the Bohemian Wald were familiar to my eyes. But an English forest, however small in comparison, did appeal to my heart-strings as never those foreign ones. Why, these trees could remember the days of the Stuarts, and further back, of great Gloriana; of bluff King Hal, of the wars of the Roses; the days of barons bold, and bare-legged down-trodden serfs; of jollity in the castle, and hunger in the miserable reed-thatched hut.

Now on a wooded knoll a fine old house comes in view, almost embosomed in forest. Down in the valley twinkle village lights. It is Old Court, the home of the Denes, the lords of the manor. However, my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, old friends of the Dene family, having taken it on lease during the minority of the heir, had now been living there during two years.

"Dearest auntie, here I am alive, though half dead," I called out laughing. Then the carriage drew up at the porch, where my aunt and uncle were awaiting me with a hearty hug apiece.

"You have had a long journey. You must be very tired, dear," said Aunt Etta, as she led me upstairs to my room. Such a charming, old, wainscoted chamber as it was, with one window looking west and a tiny turret where three more "gave," as the French say, round on three-fourths of the compass.

"Old Court is just as old as it well can be, isn't it?" I asked, looking round with deep satisfaction; "but, auntie dear, I do trust you have not given me the haunted room."

"My dear Nessie, I can assure you of this," replied my aunt solemnly, "that since we have been here, and so far as I know, not one room in this house is more haunted than another."

"No. Well, that is a comfort."

"It would be more of a comfort if you also believed, as I do, that if one does imagine one sees spirits, such visions cannot possibly hurt you," rather impressively returned my aunt. "If people would only understand that when they see a ghost, it is perhaps only the thought of some spirit far away in a world of probable bliss, remembering for a moment its earthly dwelling because of some very tragic incident. Its mind affects somebody's mind on earth near that scene, especially if the latter mind is vacant at the time. Some persons say there are spirits earth-bound because of evil deeds. I hold to my own theory all the same."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I irreverently remarked, while taking off my hat and dust cloak.

"That is it, in my opinion," rather severely decided dear Aunt Etta. And then we went downstairs to a kind of supper, necessitated by the lateness of the hour, nine o'clock.

Now, whatever anybody may say, I declare and firmly believe that I never slept better in my life than on the night of my arrival at Old Court. Over-tired! No; only just enough fatigued to appreciate the luxury of rest, of fragrant fine linen sheets and downy pillows. Nightmare? Not a bit of it. I slept as happily as a tired child till about six o'clok, when the growing light stealing through my blinds woke me gently, slowly, to the remembrance of where I was, and the consciousness of a glad summer world outside. At first I only blinked lazily with half-roused senses at the carved roof of my bed. Presently it struck me that it would be pleasant to rise and pull up the blinds, and open my windows wider to the morning breeze, which already sent in scented wafts, wooing messages from the wide-awake roses below. Lazily I turned on my side, half rose on one elbow.

"Oh!"—suddenly burst from my lips. The start I gave made the ancient bed creak. But the object at which I stared with disbelieving wide eyes never stirred at either cry or sound. At the foot of my old-fashioned carved bed stood an equally old carved chair, covered with faded leather. In this sat a little black boy, looking at me, motionless as a statue. So still he sat, that I heard myself drawing a long breath as I gazed amazed, but not frightened—the creature was so childlike in aspect, so small. "A sweep. He must have come down a wrong chimney, and is taking breath for a few minutes," flashed across my mind. "My boy!" I had almost said aloud, but that a second rapid thought stopped slower speech. This was a little negro.

Though the room was not full lighted, I could distinctly see the woolly curls, the squat nose and blubber lips of an unmistakable son of Ham.

In the same quick glance I took in that this strange figure wore a kind of crimson costume, and a heavy, seemingly silver collar round the neck. But these details my eyes did not rest on long enough to distinguish clearly, for my mind was almost entirely occupied by that childish black face.

So still—so sorrowful! For surely there was the wet shine of tears on those round cheeks; the full lips seemed quivering with grief; the upward turn of those rolling white eyeballs and dark orbs towards my bed was one of abjectly humble childlike beseeching.

Even as I stared, and while one could have counted ten or twelve, it suddenly struck me that the little negro was fading. He was sitting there—real, alive! I would have sworn to that before any magistrate. But he now became shadowy; more; more so. I could see the carved back of the chair looming, so to speak, through his disappearing features.

"It's a ghost," was my inaudible cry of dismay, and to my disgrace, be it owned, I disappeared also under my bed-clothes. Presently chiding myself for such cowardice, I peered out cautiously just above the edge of the sheet. The high-backed chair empty; nobody was in the room.

Slipping out of the further side of my bed (yes, I am ashamed of myself, but such was the pusillanimous fact) I coasted round that chair at the utmost possible distance and timorously drew up the blinds.

Bright sunlight and fragrant fresh air instantly flooded the pleasant room. Why, the very idea of a ghost in their cheering presence was ludicrous. Nevertheless, don't laugh dear people, I did what any other girl would do under the circumstances.

Lifting the valance of the bedstead I peeped, first timidly, then with more hardihood, to be quite certain that it was not hiding there.

Then, reassured but not convinced, I peered into the wardrobe, poked my dresses, shook the curtains. All the time I knew I had seen the figure gradually fade, but somehow the search was a comfort to my weak mind. After this I dressed myself and hastened into the garden, of which the furthest clipped hedges almost bordered the forest.

"Well, you are up early," came after an hour in greeting; and Aunt Etta and my uncle appeared smiling. "Did you sleep well?"

"Oh, excellently well, except—well, I woke rather early, that was all," I faltered. It would be a shame to spoil their appetites for breakfast with my tale.

"You were out by cock-crow. Did you see any ghosts?" bluntly asked Uncle Henry, turning an inquiring gaze broadly upon me, with a queer (what I took to be a sarcastic) smile.

Rather huffily, Nessie (that is myself) raised her head in the air and intimated that they might both laugh; they probably would; but that something odd had happened——

"No! What? Tell us all about it." "Bless my soul! We don't laugh," ejaculated both my relatives, eyeing me with such interested eagerness that I felt they were both serious.

My tale ended, Uncle Henry looked at his wife and made the odd remark:

"Etta, that is a fresh one. Did we ever hear of him before?"

"I don't remember. There are so many stories," she calmly replied.

"Many!" I almost shouted. "Do you mean to tell me there are more ghosts about this house?"

"Yes; two others I have seen myself. And a whole troop come one night in November: a company of Roundheads and a party of Cavaliers, who fight in the dining-room. They are only heard, though, I believe. Henry and I mean to watch next autumn for the sounds."

Aunt Etta calmly surveyed me as she stated this fact. She was prosaic, hard-headed and so truthful that she never allowed her servants to say "Not at home" to an unwelcome guest, unless she could first slip out by some side entrance and stand perhaps shivering in winter time on a gravel path for five minutes to ease her conscience.

"The Roundheads tried to seize Sir Rupert Dene here one night. His friends defended him, for they had all been carousing. He was killed in the fray and his body thrown into a cupboard. I had the cupboard made into a recess, and filled it with china. You admired it last night."

"What—that?" I feebly answered, recalling the velvet-lined nook, with its Chelsea tea-set.

"By the way, was Nessie shown the breakfast parlor last night? No?" demanded Uncle Henry; adding, "Well, then; breakfast should be ready, so come along."

He did not allow me even time to look round the darkly wainscoted room with its mullioned bay window giving a view of the bowling-green that lay outside like a carpet. Instead, he made me eat, saying that early rising ought to have furnished me with a good appetite.

After doing justice to fresh-laid eggs, home-made hot cakes and other excellent fared, I chanced to raise my eyes to a large picture hanging above the fireplace; there they stayed, while an exclamation of surprise escaped me: "Look! Look! That is he—my black boy."

"Ah, I expected as much," said my uncle, half to himself, with suppressed eagerness.

The picture was a full-length one, evidently painted by no mean artist, and set in a massive Georgian frame. It represented a fair boy about ten years old, dressed in a blue satin coat and small-clothes, long white embroidered vest, frills and ruffles; also silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles and high scarlet heels.

It was a stiff little figure in attitude, yet the face looked so boyishly happy, and the right hand was laid with such innocent pride on a toy rapier, that in spite of his fine court costume one felt that the original of the portrait had been real flesh and blood. Behind him, appearing indistinctly in the background stood a small black page, in a crimson dress, with a massive silver collar round his neck.

"That is little Sir Gervaise Dene, who died in childhood, and his page. Ah! I see it must have been he—only you never saw or heard of the picture. Why should the black boy appear to you?" exclaimed Aunt Etta. Why! that was precisely the question. This interested me even more than it did my relations, whose thought-theory as concerning so-called apparitions supplied an apparently satisfactory answer. I demurred, however.

"My little negro looked so sad, he must have been ill-treated in life. Do let us try and trace something of his story. I cannot tell you how sorry he made me feel for him.

This was easier said than done. Mr. and Mrs. Neville, as tenants, knew nought of the Dene family tales. The real owners, being descended from a younger branch that had only lately inherited Old Court, were reputed to know little more.

With the zeal of hunters on a new-found track of game, of detectives following a clue, we made inquiries among the oldest inhabitants of the village and neighborhood; but for two days we had no success.

For two nights I tried to stay awake in the expectation of seeing my small visitor again. I kept my candles alight and fortified myself with amusing literature; but towards the small hours I invariably dropped into heavy sleep, and when I woke, the housemaid would be pulling up the blinds, while the candles burnt to the socket mocked my useless vigils.

On the third day came a scrap of news. We had enlisted the interest of the young curate of Dene. He was a fine specimen of muscular Christianity, who might be seen every morning with a straw hat on his head, visiting the outlying hamlets, walking as if for a wager, with a fat spaniel panting after him. So eager was he to help in the investigation that for two afternoons the cricket field missed his accustomed presence. Then he appeared radiant at Old Court.

"I have got hold of something, at least. These two days I have been hunting through the old books of the parish, and in the year 1758, in the month of May, there is an entry that the bellman of Dene did offer a reward of four pounds for the recovery of a small negro boy, wearing a silver collar. This was at the bidding of Dame Margery Dene. But to no avail, as he hath not been found."

Imagine the old-world scene. The bellman, in his antiquated garb, shambling up and down the village street, followed by a crowd of merry urchins. The deep-toned ringing of the bell; then the hoarse voice calling, "Lost, stolen, or strayed," while good-wives gossiped at their thresholds, and weary hinds trudging back from forest work at nightfall were questioned, had they seen a vagrant imp of darkness in the greenwood glades.

It would be difficult to describe how strongly the fate of this unknown negro boy, who had lived a century and a quarter back, took hold of my mind. Was he kidnapped for the sake of his badge of slavery? Had the poor child—hideous thought!—even been murdered in some lonely part of the forest? Did his young master miss him greatly—for there was kindliness in little Sir Gervaise's pictured features?

"You are thinking too much about it. Put it out of your head, Nessie," said my aunt at last.

Now, perhaps others besides myself have noticed how frequently when one is bent on unraveling some tangle, or discovering a hidden matter in the affairs of life, altogether unexpected evidence will suddenly spring to light in some least likely quarter. Only coincidence, perhaps. But it seems strange, to me, at least, that having lain secret so long, the facts in question should not just as well remain dormant longer.

So it befell that, a week or so later, the most extraordinary incident I have ever known, and the strangest part of this story, came to pass.

The parish church of Dene was just then undergoing some important repairs. It was a grand old Norman specimen, with its monuments of here a Dene crusader lying cross-legged, his hound sculptured small at his feet, and there was a worthy knight and his dame, kneeling on cushions and uplifting stiff hands in prayer, with eight children in a diminishing row behind them. How it carried one's mind back to days of old!

So one day roaming into the church, as usual, I found its solitude broken by the clink of hammers and chisels, while the curate was surveying the work with much interest. Some slabs were just then being raised to allow of hot water pipes being laid beneath them, and my friend called to me to come and see a curious brass inscription set in one.

An old mason helping to raise a larger slab, looked up, saying:

"We must be somewhere nigh the Dene vault, sir. I used to hear as a boy it was hereabouts."

"How is that, Giles? Surely the tombs of the Denes are outside in the churchyard."

"That's so; but before then they lay their coffins in a vault, so I've heard an old man say, who was sexton here. There was a little lad, a child, they said, was the last put in the vault. After he died there was a break in the family, and some distant cousins came in for the estate, and they liked fresh air likely," said the mason, talking between heaves and pushings of the stone he was helping to dislodge.

The slab, even as he ended speaking, was raised and pushed aside, and to our surprise a narrow stone stair was revealed in the cavity below.

"The vault! That's it, sure enough," exclaimed several voices, and we drew back from the close air that came up from its long imprisonment. Said the curate in

an under-tone, eyeing me confidentially, "Before we close it up again, I should like to go down there. Would you?"

"Should I—? N—o. Yes. Yes; I should."

Strong curiosity to peep in overcame my first shuddering reluctance. To see the very coffin of the pictured boy, Sir Gervaise, most drew me.

"It would not be any disrespect either, though the Denes are certainly absent; but for that very reason I ought, as clergyman of this parish, to see that all is in good repair in their ancestors' vault."

So the young man—he was very boyish in reality—quieted any misgivings he may have felt.

The hour was just then nearing the workmen's dinner-time. Our curate took the opportunity to dismiss them, saying he would himself watch in the church while the vault remained open. Meanwhile, the foreman would have time to reconsider his task so as not to interfere with the stair.

Once the tramp of the men's feet died away in the porch, we looked eagerly at each other. There was a candle and matches in the vestry, which my companion proceeded to bring. I waited expectant, and a little fearful, alone at the dark mouth of that unknown charnel-house.

It was a relief when he came back, carrying the light, although I had now to brace myself to following him, step by step, down the narrow steep stairway leading into the vault. The curate held the light to guide me and extended a friendly hand, which was more comforting than holding by the rough masonry.

Raising the candle high, its rays showed two tiers of niches, in most of which lay oaken coffins, massive and iron-bound.

Some were still covered with the remains of velvet palls. All were thickly coated with fine dust. The curate slowly turned the light full on such in the upper row in turn, by way of performing a duty to the dead in seeing all was decently in order. I looked on timidly, keeping rather close to his side.

The vault was so reverently arranged and peaceful that my first shrinking sensation soon passed. Only a quiet awe still possessed us both, as now the light traveled lower to the second tier.

One by one, two more coffins were passed in review. Then—

"Ah!" escaped me in a suppressed scream, while with quaking hands I caught my comrade's arm for support. My sharp outcry and clutch so startled him, he almost dropped the candle; but luckily his nerves were tougher than mine. We both stared with wide eyes, mine affrighted, at an object on the floor.

It was a small skeleton!

"Let us look closer; there is nothing to be afraid of," said the curate, trying to reassure me, but involuntarily whispering, he himself was so strongly impressed, "I will hold the candle lower if you don't mind. Why—it must have been a child!"

The tiny framework of bones was seated with its legs stretched towards us, the toes upturned. But the fleshless tiny arms were laid upon the end of a small coffin, one arm supporting the poor little skull. How piteously the latter seemed to look up at us through its empty eye-sockets. How tired—very tired—the attitude of that which had once been a merry, breathing, laughing child. It was so affecting that my lips quivered and tears came to my eyes.

"Oh, see! it must have gone to sleep and then died all alone here. Can it have got shut in, or found its way by chance, and no one could hear its calls for help?"

"It has been no crime, that is certain; there is no sign of concealment. Stay. Is that a wreath from one coffin which has slipped over its head?"

Holding the candle close, we both both bent forward to examine the dull, leaden-colored object. An exclamation burst simultaneously from our lips. At the same instant, perhaps stirred by some draught caused by our sudden motion, the tiny skeleton collapsed, crumbling into a few bones at our feet. The supposed wreath rolled with a heavy sound on the floor, setting all doubts at rest. It was a massive silver collar.

"My dear, little, black page. So this was the end of you. No wonder the bellman cried you in vain. What brought you here?"

"What, indeed? See, that is a child's coffin he was lying his head upon. Can it have been that of his master?"

Cautiously we peered at the plate on the coffin lid. True enough, it bore the inscription:

SIR GERVAISE DENE, BART.
b. 1748; d. 1758.

And, on looking closer, we found fragments of a once crimson stuff on the brick flooring.

That is all to be said. All the best is pure conjecture. Our wonderment, and the amazement of others called in to verify this strange sight, could go no further than that the little negro page had stolen in hither, or stayed unmarked by the departing train to be near the remains of his young master.

So, overcome by grief, or sleep, perchance both, the heavy slab overhead must have shut him out from the glad green world above, with its cheerful sounds and smiling sunshine. Had he suffered? Who can say? But let us hope that darkness, cold, and faintness of hunger soon so numbed his senses that insensibility stole over them with almost blissful langour.

We two, at least, who alone saw the fond posture, like that of a faithful dog, of that small skeleton sentinel, the embracing arms, the restful droop of the skull laid down above the feet of little Sir Gervaise, could not doubt that no fears or pain assailed soul and body in the end. Love strong in death had prevailed.

Poor, nameless, negro child! He had lost surely his best friend. Perhaps he had found none other since the black waif was brought to our northern shores from the warm West Indian island he dimly remembered, with its palms and sugar canes, and the endearments of a dark woman who used to cuddle him in her arms.

There is little more to tell. The bones of the former black page were placed in a proper receptacle, with an inscription by the curate, who read over them a short service, which my relations and I with the sexton attended. They were then left beside Sir Gervaise's coffin, that in death these two might not be divided. Then the vault was permanently closed.

After a fortnight came a letter from Mr. Dene, to whom Uncle Henry had written an account of the strange discovery. He was considerably interested, and wished the silver collar kept for him as a family relic, which wish had been foreseen by us. All he had ever heard on the subject was, he wrote, that little Sir Gervaise was tossed by a cow in the park and died from his injuries.

His mother, said by tradition to have been a passionate and harsh woman, never recovered the loss of her child, almost losing her wits from brooding over his grief and his dispossession from Old Court. She lived a hermit's life for some years at a dower house, and went by the name of the crazy Lady Dene. Lastly, he believed the bedroom with the turret recess used to be called Sir Gervaise's room.

This very room was the one I slept in at Old Court. And it may also be remembered that I arrived there on a May evening; the same month in which, more than a century before, the child baronet died.

Adieu, my dear little apparition, with thy coal-black child's visage. I wonder will ever any other eyes than mine see thy shadowy form watching by that bedside again.

Life In Earnest.

BY C. L. M.

"MY dear Rose," Mrs. Buchanan had said to her son's bride-elect, when the young people were in the first flush of their happiness as an engaged couple, "you are sure you will not mind my continuing to reside with William after your marriage?"

What could the girl say but "yes"?

She was only twenty, and the great question of the mother-in-law had never entered her head. As an orphan, living with an old bachelor uncle, she was not likely to know much about the possible trials in store for her.

To be sure, her uncle lifted his eyebrows and looked very wise when he heard about it; but he did not say anything: the matter had been settled. Rose would gain little by disagreeing with her beloved's mother before such disagreement became unavoidable. To be bachelor uncle it seemed well that even young women should fight their own battles, especially when the antagonists were women like themselves.

Mrs. Buchanan's son was not half so strong-minded as his mother. The old lady had ruled him as a bachelor with a rod of steel. She meant to continue her reign, and, of course, extend it to Rose herself, the domestic (they could only afford to start with one little ignoramus of a damsel), and even the babies, with which, no doubt, Providence would bless the establishment.

Still, young Buchanan looked a little shy when he heard of the contract so subtly gained by his mamma.

"Are you sure it will be for the best, sweetheart?" he inquired of Rose.

It was scarcely a time for judicious thought or action.

"She is your mother, dear William," was the admirable rely. "That is enough for me. I will be as good a daughter to her as you have been a son.

William said "Hum!" to this; but the fond caress with which he acknowledged the confiding girl's avowal of her entire affection for him, and eagerness to devote herself to his and his mother's interests, gave no chance to any scruples about her conduct to take root in Rose's innocent young mind.

* * * * * *

And so the marriage duly took place, and Mrs. Buchanan raised her voice in loud lamentation as the carriage drove away to the railway-station.

No one knew why she made such a fuss about it.

Mr. Cartrex, the old bachelor uncle, shrugged his shoulders, and, on pretence of his health, withdrew, as did the other guests, leaving the curious lady alone with her pocket-handkerchief on the doorstep. She speedily re-entered after them, and showed signs of fainting, which were with difficulty checkmated by three glasses of sherry in quick succession. Eventually she went to her home, the expense of which she was now to be spared.

The fact was that Mrs. Buchanan enjoyed an income of $1000 a year, and yearned to save the greater part of it. If she could do this and also keep her mind in a state of activity by controlling the young couple over whom she meant to exercise an efficient sway, she decided that she still had some chance of remaining a happy woman.

With characteristic wisdom she had arranged the pecuniary terms of her residence with her son and his wife before their marriage.

"I have the poorest appetite in the world, child," she had said to Rose. "Would it seem to you enough if I paid five dollars weekly for my board with you? I suppose I shall eat about a third of the value in reality."

Rose had promptly said that any monetary consideration that satisfied Mrs. Buchanan would, of course, satisfy her and her husband.

"Very well, child; then it is settled," was the rejoinder, with a heartfelt sigh.

When William heard of this he did not positively demur; but he hinted that, though his mamma had a poor appetite (according to her own admission), she usually made the most of it; and further, she was not very easily pleased by ordinary cooking.

"I don't know, darling, how you and Anna Maria will manage it; but she sent two of our maids away in brisk succession last year for spoiling the day's dinner."

This was close upon their wedding-day. Rose could afford then to laugh at this possible picture of discord in their own little house. She laughed so heartily and made so light of her impending trials that William was fain to fancy he took too serious a view of the future.

He was less sure, however, when, upon their return from the honeymoon, they found Mrs. Buchanan's own arm-chair in the place of honor in their little drawing-room, and were greeted in the hall by the querulous moanings of her favorite cat, which had submitted to a change of residence with a very ill grace.

However, for a week matters went on with fair smoothness.

Mrs. Buchanan openly praised Anna Maria's endeavors for her comfort.

"What you would do without her, my love," she confided to Rose, "I cannot conceive; for naturally you yourself are entirely ignorant of domestic concerns."

She made remarks like this three or four times in the week—in the presence of Anna Maria, thereby winning the most cordial regard of the little handmaid, who had not very much sense in her eighteen-year-old cranium.

Rose could afford to smile at these trivialities. She and she alone was responsible for most of the "comforts" which seemed to kindle her mother-in-law into amiability. She had not taken lessons in cookery to no purpose.

A month passed.

William was now convinced that something was wrong somewhere.

His little wife had developed a horizontal wrinkle on her brow, and at times there was a look in her eyes that worried him.

It was odd, however, that, coincident with this change in Rose, had come a change both in Mrs. Buchanan and Anna Maria.

The former now held her head high, as she had been wont in the old days, and her voice rang in the house like no other voice. Her face, too, was wreathed in bland smiles, which told of the satisfaction she felt in this assurance of her new sway.

As for Anna Maria, when she gossiped with the milkman,, the butcher's boy, and others, if she mentioned her "missus," she referred to Mrs. Buchanan and not to Rose.

But Rose said nothing. Only in her sighs of gladness, when she could lay her head on her husband's shoulder without being immediately scrutinized through her mother-in-law's gold-rimmed glasses, was there aught to declare even inferentially that a screw was loose in the household.

* * * * * *

When another month had passed the scales fell from the eyes of husband and wife simultaneously.

"We must do something," said William, "It isn't as if mamma was destitute. She could live comfortably anywhere."

The young wife acknowledged these delightful words with a caress that emboldened William yet further.

"And it isn't a bit of good trying to argue her out of her determinations. I know my mother—the best of women (bar one)—but dreadfully resolute."

"What can we do then, dear?" inquired the girl pathetically. "I do love her, William; but I should love her so much more in a house of her own."

"Quite so, Rose, that is just how I look at it. We must think."

As one result of their subsequent conferences on the subject, Anna Maria was suddenly dismissed with a month's wages in her pockets.

A frightful storm ensued. Mrs. Buchanan went blue and red and yellow in the face, all in five minutes. Then she pretended to faint, but Rose had learned what the good lady's swooning fits meant. She put the smelling salts into her mother-in-law's hand and left her. The fit was soon over after that.

"I shall do the work myself in future," said Rose, when she was ironically questioned about her intentions.

"In future!"

"Yes, if I can. I wish to become a practised housekeeper under that best of spurs (as you, dear mamma, have called it)—necessity."

"Really—that is very interesting. And your poor husband—how will he survive it, do you suppose?"

"William will dine at the club a little more often, until I have gained experience—that is the only difference it will make."

After this passage of arms, in which Rose, by her honest ingenuousness, came off much the better, there was a truce for two or three days. But Mrs. Buchanan's manner (of which Rose took no notice, which made it worse) showed her rage smouldered in her.

The dinners were really very discreditable to Rose. She could hardly have cooked them worse. In fact, she tried to serve them up as shockingly as possible, and the feeble words of apology with which she set the blackened or half-roasted joints upon the table were like quassia root to Mrs. Buchanan. This lady at length became plaintive.

"I cannot," she exclaimed one day, after trying in vain to enjoy a very tough fowl, still rose-tinted as to its flesh; "I cannot bear this much longer."

Her favorite cat mewed piteously in responsive agreement with her mistress' sentiments.

It was wonderful how well William carried himself during this crisis. Of course, Mrs. Buchanan complained to him about her sufferings, but he bravely confessed that he could find no fault with his wife for her pluckly wrestle with the problems of domestic existence.

The end soon came.

Mrs. Buchanan daily ate farinaceous food at her dinner in one form or another, and her cat was wont to share it with her—on the carpet.

It was Wednesday. The three earlier days in the week had been devoted to a dismal piece of beef, for the final departure of which Mrs. Buchanan was truly thankful.

"Do, my dear," she had said almost tenderly to her daughter-in-law, "try and give us something nice to-day."

Rose smiled sweetly, and went about her work.

But at dinner-time a red leg of aged mutton appeared. It was pitiable to see Mrs. Buchanan's agony as she attacked it.

"Have you quite finished, dear?" asked Rose at length.

Silence gave consent; and the horror was removed, to be succeeded by a pretty-looking pudding of rice, or something of the kind, very nicely browned.

"I hope you will like this," said Rose; "but I can't think why it has not thickened."

Mrs. Buchanon helped herself bountifully.

"Hominy, I see," she remarked; "and you know how I dislike it."

"Indeed, I did not," was the quick reply. "I found it in a tin of your own, and thought it a pity to waste it."

A scream from Mrs. Buchanan at this moment sent the cat bounding away in alarm. She dropped her spoon.

"Whatever is it, you wicked girl?" she cried, spluttering shamefully. "Oh—ugh!"

"Good gracious, mamma, is it not hominy? I will run and fetch the tin."

"Plaster of Paris!" moaned Mrs. Buchanan, when she recognized her property. "This is the end. I shall leave the house to-morrow. Send for the doctor at once!"

* * * * * *

The doctor only laughed.

Mrs. Buchanan was as good as her word, and Rose and her husband began the felicity of their married life in earnest.

A CHAT ABOUT WHALES.

Steam and the screw-propeller had lessened the whaler's dangers; but "the fish" are apparently more shy than in the good old days, and certainly more scarce.

Whales were frequently killed before they had reached maturity, and this indiscriminate destruction of old and young left unstocked grounds. Hence some of our whalers have again attempted to woo fickle fortune in the lone Southern Ocean. This is not a new departure, for many years ago Messrs. Enderby established a whaling colony at the Auckland Islands, about one hundred and eighty miles south of New Zealand.

Her Majesty's ship "Havannah," with a dozen other vessels, took live-stock and supplies thither from England and elsewhere; and several schooners from Australia put in an appearance with various kinds of goods for sale to the workmen congregated at this out-of-the-way place.

Everything was taken into consideration save the weather, which proved most inclement; and the venture failed utterly. In December 1842, Ross saw many huge whales near Darwin Islet, six hundred miles from the Falklands. They were so tame that the ship almost touched them before they would move.

Excessive estimates of a whale's bulk are met with occasionally; one measuring a hundred and fifty feet in length probably belonged to prehistoric times. Captain David Gray of Peterhead, a mighty hunter of whales, seems to favor the more moderate view, that the average size of a full-grown Greenland whale does not exceed sixty feet.

Whales, if unmolested, attain to a ripe old age; and may, for aught that is known to the contrary, become crabbed centenarians. In 1890 the crew of an American whaler, the "Beluga," are said to have killed a large whale in Behring Sea, in which was discovered a harpoon bearing the name of another whaleship, the "Montezuma," of sixty years previously; thus proving that the whale had carried the iron with it during the threescore years. Captain David Gray once killed a very large female whale having a harpoon embedded in her blubber, which had been in position for thirty years, as evidenced by the date it bore.

A detailed description of these curious cetaceans would occupy more space than is at our disposal; but a few eventful experiences with scattered members of the family at various times will not be without interest. Sindbad the Sailor is responsible for a whale-story which, if not true, has at least the merit of being well told. Reclining motionless upon the sea-surface, this denizen of the deep was mistaken for an islet. Its grass-covered back resembled a verdant meadow, and the hardly toilers landed thereon to stretch their weary limbs after the manner of pious Æneas and his followers. Suddenly the slumbering cetacean sank beneath their feet, and great was the amazement thereat.

More reliable instances of whales confounded with rocks are not far to seek. Admiral Sir F. Beaufort ran his smart frigate into the River Plata in 1807 with studding-sails set below and aloft. An uncharted rock was reported right ahead; but sure of his position, no alteration was made in the course steered. Barnacles, breakers, and long weeds, were soon plainly observable; yet, when the ship's dapped with a loud noise, this suppositious rock disappeared. It was but a whale having his post-prandial forty winks. Weddell in his voyage towards the South Pole in 1822 mistook the swollen carcase of a dead whale for a half-tide rock.

It is said that the crew of an American schooner, the "C. H. White," had an exciting adventure not long since on the Oregon coast. All hands save cook and captain were away in small boats halibut-fishing, when a large school of whales passed towards their ocean home. One of these unwelcome visitors collided with the cable that held the schooner to her anchor. Becoming entangled therewith, he towed the helpless vessel in divers directions for six hours.

Eventually, he succeeded in effecting his escape, and dived deeply out of sight. Something similar happened still more recently to a whale of an inquiring turn of mind.

A Brazilian submarine telegraph cable was found to work badly about seventy miles from the land; and upon being hauled to the surface for repairs, the dead body of a large whale was discovered caught by the cable, which was twisted into most complicated knots.

The immense jawbones of a whale have not only served to stop a chink after decay, but also to form the gateway of a rustic garden when in good condition. The Emperor William of Germany has ordained that the bones of the whale killed during his whaling expedition last summer shall be made into furniture for his boat-house at Potsdam.

A German lady is to paint a description of the incidents of the chase upon the shoulder-bones of the slaughtered cetaceans, so that they may ornament the interior of the boat-house together with the numerous photographs taken during the expedition.

In January 1856 the sailing-ship "Fusilier" was in 25 degrees north, 48 degrees west, about ten o'clock one morning, when her commander, Captain Carmichael, was suprised by a rumbling noise like that of an earthquake. The ship trembled throughout her whole length, causing the alarmed watch below to seek safety on deck without delay. This shock was repeated no fewer than a dozen times, at intervals of two minutes' duration. Soon two enormous whales appeared from beneath the ship, swam lazily about, blew several times, then went back to their retreat, and repeated the performance. It is probable that they found unalloyed satisfaction in rubbing themselves on the shells which adhered in clusters to the iron bottom of the "Fusilier."

In February 1875, the sailing-vessel "Albertine," Captain Owen, struck something considerably harder than water one foggy night while traveling five knots an hour in 42 degrees south, 75 degrees east. The officer in charge of the watch, somewhat scared, observed a line of foam on the port bow, and was about to alter her course, imagining that she had touched on an unknown shoal.

Thereupon, a whale thrashed the water with his flail-like tail, snorted loudly, and sped swiftly to windward. He had doubtless been sleeping peacefully until aroused with scant ceremony by the vessel's advancing stem, and then stood not on the order of his going.

The iron barque "Elissa," in 1887, while crossing the South Indian Ocean, ran right into a whale. She escaped injury; but the whale fared badly, as it was afterwards seen floundering about astern in a dazed condition. An infuriated cetacean attacked the whaleship "Essex" with fell intent, smashing in her bows, and causing her to founder.

The crew took to their boats; but only a few enfeebled survivors reached the nearest land, after an awful experience of many leaden-footed hours. Strange to relate, another "Essex" was seriously damaged by a vicious whale near Zanzibar in 1887.

The steamship "Petersburg," of the Russian volunteer fleet, had a unique experience near Minicoy, in the South Indian Ocean. A sharp shock was felt by all on board, and she stopped, as though gripped in a vice. The sea was found to be colored with the lifeblood of two huge whales, which lay floating in their last agony. One was cut through by the steamer's sharp stem, and the other killed by repeated blows of the screw-propeller.

The German steamship "Waesland," bound from Antwerp to New York, ran into and killed a sleeping whale. A smaller steamer, the "Kelloe," collided with a whale near Seaham Harbor, and wounded it badly.

The celebrated yacht "Genesta" narrowly avoided collision with a dead cetacean during the Jubilee race round the islands. In 1889 a Shields steamship, the "James Turpie," nearly cut a whale in two one starlight night.

The schooner "O. M. Marrett" was almost wrecked by passing whales in the North Atlantic. Many of the school struck her repeatedly with such violence that her whole hull shook, and articles in the officers' rooms were thrown to the floor.

In June 1892 the Cunard liner "Aurania," Captain H. Walker, passed so close to a large whale in 48 degrees north, 31 degrees west, that her stem only cleared it by a very short distance. In September the White Star liner "Germanic," Captain Cameron, when in 47 degrees north, 46 degrees west, cut a whale down as it lay in a deep sleep upon the sea-surface.

Man has been the relentless foe of these harmless but marketable creatures from very early days. The fearless Biscayan put forth against them in nutshell navies; larger vessels followed them still further into the icy fastnesses adjacent to the North Pole; and steam-whalers have penetrated where not many years since Arctic discovery-ships found it difficult to reach. Propagation of the whale species was ruthlessly deemed unworthy of consideration by competing whalers, and unless the whale's shyness had increased, causing him to retreat into less accessible waters, it is not improbable that he would have become an extinct as the dodo. A close-time for whales might have some effect in counteracting the fierce greed for gold regardless of the future.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that the owner of a dog is responsible in damages for injuries caused by the barking of the animal. A dog barked suddenly and viciously at a horse ridden on the public highway. The rider of the horse was, in consequence, thrown and injured, and, suing for damages, recovered from the owner of the dog. This judgment the Supreme Court of Iowa has affirmed.

The story of the "Two Dromios" was illustrated in real life at the Court House in Cincinnati a few days ago. Edward Zanoni, a twin, was arraigned for stealing lumber. Witnesses identified him positively, but he protested that his twin brother was guilty. The case was continued until the following day, when both brothers appeared in Court, and as no one could identify the prisoner the Judge dismissed the case.

M. Bayin, well-known in engineering circles in France, proposes, in brief, to build an Atlantic liner on eight rollers, with the view of securing speed much higher than any thus far attained, arguing that the wheels or rollers on which the vessel is to rest will so greatly diminish the resistance offered by the waves that 30 knots an hour will be easily within the bounds of possibility, and will enable the passage from Southampton or Liverpool to New York to be made in four days.

A young man of Bangor, Maine, learned for the first time a few days ago that he has a twin sister alive in Providence, where she is married and has a family. Their mother died when they were five months old. Two Bangor families adopted them, and the one taking the girl moved out of the State shortly afterwards. The boy's family kept track of him, but never told him of his twin sister, and it was only by accident that he recently learned of her existence.

According to the "Gotha Almanac" for 1894, the Queen of England has reigned longer than any other ruler in the world, having ascended the throne in 1837. Next to her in point of time are Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden. The monarchs who have reigned the shortest time are Prince Frederick of Waldeck and Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. The oldest monarch, according to the "Almanac," is the Pope, who is more than 83 years of age.

The society people of Knoxville recently decided to help the poor, and incidentally to have a good time, by giving a big charity ball. But a local Methodist minister began to denounce the scheme, on the ground that dancing was inherently wicked. To silence him the managers of the proposed ball published a card one morning agreeing to call off the affair provided the minister would deposit $1000 in a bank for charity before 11 o'clock that day, in which case they would contribute the same amount. The offer was simply a bluff, but to the surprise of the managers and the disgust of society the minister complied with the condition. So Knoxville will not have a ball, but its poor people will have $2000.

The colored people of the South are said to be making great educational progress; and the facilities for such development now available for them are large and are increasing greatly. There are now more than 25,500 schools for colored pupils in the Southern States proper, and in them at least 2,250,000 scholars have learned to read, and, generally, to write. Last year there were in these schools 238,000 pupils and 20,000 teachers. There are also in the South 150 schools for the advanced education of colored people, and seven colleges with colored men for presidents.

"There is as much poetry as ever in the world," James Russell Lowell is quoted with saying, "if we only knew how to find it out; and as much imagination, perhaps, only that it takes a more prosaic direction. Every man who meets with misfortune who is stripped of material prosperity, finds that he has a little outlying mountain farm of imagination which did not appear in the schedule of his effects, on which his spirit is able to keep itself alive, though he never thought of it while he was fortunate. Job turns out to be a great poet as soon as his flocks and herds are taken away from him."

The seventeenth anniversary of the accession of the Sultan to the throne has been celebrated recently in Constantinople. According to La Riforma, Abdul Hamid is a man of great muscular strength, and it is said that, although small and slight of build, he is powerful enough to overcome the strongest of his janissaries in a trial of personal strength. He owes this to his regularity of life, the observance of the laws of health and his passion for gymnastics. Although his harem possesses the rarest examples of European and Asiastic feminine loveliness, the Sultan visits it but seldom; and in other respects he differs rather widely from the generally conceived conception of a Sultan.

The question of ages and the ability to guess them had come up, and Mr. Smartly announced that he could tell anybody's age by just looking at them. "Do you want me to tell yours?" he added, turning to Miss Antique. "No," she said, coldly, "there is no use of your telling it to me; I know it myself."

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

JOHN WEDDERBURN,
618 F Street,
P. O. Box 385. Washington, D. C.

Our Young Folks.

THE FANCY BALL.

BY C. M. BATTERSBY.

TOMMY, are you there? Come close under the window, and we can talk nicely."

Tommy came, and little Etta Brown put out her head ever so far in her eagerness.

"Did you hear of the Children's Fancy Ball at Mrs. Blake's? It is too delightful! Boys and girls dress up in all sorts of lovely clothes, like kings and queens, and birds and flowers, and dance, and have a splendid supper. Mamma would have said 'No,' but auntie will let me go to-morrow."

"How jolly!" answered Tommy. "I'd like the supper, anyhow; the frocks are only good to look at."

"But I shall be a great-grandmamma, and wear a figured silk, with lace, and bows, and high-heeled shoes. Don't you want to see me?"

"Well—perhaps," said Tommy slowly. "I wish I could have fun sometimes. Come out and tell me all about it, Etta."

But just then a quiet voice sounded behind them.

"Etta dear, you must not put your head out of the window; and mamma forbids us to talk to Tommy Barlow."

Tommy made a hideous face, and ran away down to the sea, which lay close by; and Etta turned crossly.

"I can't bear you, Lizzie! You always spoil sport."

"I don't want you to get cold, for then you cannot go to the ball, Etta. Auntie and I are off for a drive into town just now, and she bade me tell you to stay in the garden until we come back."

"How stupid! I won't be ordered by a little girl like you," muttered Etta; and she watched the carriage drive away with a very sulky face.

The two sisters were on a visit to their aunt, and had been enjoying themselves greatly; but Tommy Barlow had come down to the seaside also, and Etta knew she ought not to play with him, as she did on every possible occasion.

Now she was full of a plan for showing off her fancy dress to the boy, and when the house was quiet, ran upstairs, and dressed herself in all the dainty clothes as quick as thought, looking in the glass all the while.

"I really am very pretty!" she thought, turning her head this way and that, as you have seen a peacock do when he spreads his tail. Then she went to find Tommy, feeling her new shoes very slippery and queer.

"My stars! how fine we are!" cried Tommy when he saw her; but after a few minutes his boat proved more interesting than Etta's frock, and she felt rather disappointed. The wind caught her ribbons and curls, and felt cold on her bare arms and neck. Of course she could not wear anything to hide her splendor.

"There's a lovely sea-anemone down behind that far rock," said Tommy presently. "I feed him with bits of meat, and he opens beautifully. Come and see him."

Etta looked doubtfully at her dress and shoes; but the temptation was too great, and in a few moments they were beside the rock-pool.

The anemone was so fine that Etta forgot her shoes, and clambered over the pebbles to get a better view of him. Alas! the slippery seaweed gave no hold for her foot, and in a second Etta was in the water, lace, ribbons, silk and all, and the water was full of slimy things, which clung to her everywhere.

She screamed and screamed, but Tommy only cried "Oh my!" in a voice of horror, before taking to his heels; and he would not have anything to say to the miserable, wet, dirty figure which crept out of the pool at last, half choked and drowned, and went very slowly up to auntie's house, trying to get in by the back door.

But just as she reached the gate, up drove the carriage; and who do you think looked out at Etta? Why, her mother, whom auntie had fetched from the station as a grand surprise for Etta, whose birthday would be to-morrow.

Then of course there was an outcry, and the drowned "Great-Grandmamma" was washed and put to bed, and given some horrid mixture to drink. Auntie was dreadfully afraid mamma would think she had not taken good care of Etta, but Mrs. Brown only said very gently—

"You have punished yourself, my child. This puts an end to the fancy ball for you. There is no time to get another dress; and besides, I cannot afford one. Indeed, I would not have let you go but that auntie's old silk made your frock."

Etta cried herself to sleep; but when her ears opened again she heard Lizzie's pleading voice—

"Please, mamma, let her have my dress. I don't care about the party, and you can easily make it small enough."

"My dear Lizzie, it is not fair to spoil your pleasure. What can I do to make it up to you?"

Lizzie put her arms round mamma's neck coaxingly—

"Let me ask Tommy to come to tea with me when she has gone, mamma. You see, he is a very lonely little boy, and has no mother, and he must feel so badly about Etta."

Etta shut her eyes tightly, but tears came through, and she felt how good Lizzie was, and what a shame it had been to grow angry with her.

So she went to the fancy ball after all, and danced away merrily, while Lizzie sat in her old frock to receive the shame-faced Tommy.

She was tired after doing so much sewing to make her dress fit Etta; but all the same, I know which was the happier child that night.

I don't think Tommy was really a bad boy, though wild and rough, for when the Browns went home he brought Lizzie the only thing he had of his own as a keepsake.

"It's my anemone," he said. "You can put it in your aquarium, Lizzie; and may I come to see you sometimes? I will try to be good."

And Mrs. Brown said that he might; but ever since that day, when Etta is inclined to be conceited, Tommy cannot resist saying to her—

"Remember Great-Grandmamma's fall into the rock-pool"; and that is quite warning enough for her.

OF CORSICA.

In some of its so-called "fairy tales" it is curious to trace a resemblance to much of the familiar nursery lore of our childhood.

Cinderella appears—though under another name—and dazzles the Prince with her beauty at a ball which he gives on three consecutive nights. She vanishes each night at the same hour by the help of her fairy godmother, leaving not a trace behind, and is only discovered at last through a ring that the Prince has given her, and which she kneads into a cake and sends to him by the hands of her waiting-woman.

Then, too, we might almost suppose that the Arabian Nights' Entertainment had penetrated into the mountains of Corsica, as we read of the poor peasant Stevanu who discovers the secret of the brigand's treasure-cave in the depths of a vast forest.

The magic words "Serchia, unclose!" remind us of the "Open Sesame" that brought wealth and prosperity to Ali Baba, and the sequel of the story is no less familiar.

The robbers, finding themselves robbed in their turn, seek to discover by means of a ruse the man who has most speedily grown rich in the neighboring village.

Disguised as an itinerant dealer in olive oil, their chief drives before him his mules; the foremost of these are laden with great jars filled with oil; but in each of the last six a brigand lies concealed.

A night's lodging is solicited at the house of Stevanu; the chief has a room assigned to him, and the jars containing his merchandise are left in the kitchen.

But Stevanu's suspicions have been aroused by the unusual weight of some of the jars; he guesses the stratagem, and orders his servants to heat a caldron of oil, which he proceeds to pour on the six robbers. Their chief is soon overpowered and killed; and Stevanu is left in undisputed possession of all their ill-gotten gains.

The quaint vein of humor running through some of these popular tales reminds us strongly of old Æsop's Fables.

Bastelica is now a fairly prosperous village in Corsica, of some three thousand inhabitants, who would probably one and all resent the imputation that their mental calibre is below the average; yet, for some occult reason, from time immemorial the very name "il Bastelicaccio" has been held as a synonym for "fool;" and shouts of ironical laughter will reward the narrator as he tells the well-known story of the man of Bastelica who once upon a time possessed a wife and a mill. The mill brought him in next to nothing; but his wife—there are perhaps few just like her—thought her good man could do nothing wrong. Said the miller, then, one day:

"Let us sell our mill: it hardly earns us bread; while if we only had a cow, she would supply us with fresh milk and butter, and maybe a calf, which we could sell with profit."

"Thou art right as ever," replied his wife; "let us sell the mill."

So the miller sold it for six hundred francs, and with this money he purchased a cow at the neighboring fair, and started merrily on his homeward way. He had not traveled far, however, before he began to feel fatigued.

"I was stupid," thought he, "to buy this cow; some day she may toss me with her horns and kill me; whereas a horse would always be useful. He would carry me on my journeys; and a little grass would suffice for his food."

Just then, a man on horseback passed that way, and an exchange was soon effected. The animal was of no great value, certainly; but for a time the miller rejoiced over his bargain. Then he began to reflect:

"A horse will be of little use to me, for I cannot ride all day; assuredly, a goat would serve my purpose better."

A shepherd coming along readily gave the finest goat of his flock for the miller's horse. Our Bastelicaccio was not yet satisfied, however; the goat was sold for twenty francs; the twenty francs bought a hen and her brood of chickens; these in their turn were disposed of for a sack of potatoes. But the way was long and the potatoes were heavy; so the miller, in a fit of anger, tumbled sack and all into the nearest stream, and finally reached home empty-handed.

"And the cow, where hast thou put her?" asked his wife.

"Oh, I exchanged her for a good horse; and then, as the horse would not always be useful to us, I chose instead a fine fat goat, that might supply us daily with fresh milk."

To the wife's query, "Where was the goat?" our friend related how the goat was disposed of, how he bought the hen and chickens, how these were replaced by the sack of potatoes, which was finally emptied into the stream.

"Thou hast done wisely," quoth the good woman. "Such a heavy load might perchance have crushed thee by its weight." And so, quite contentedly, the miller and the miller's wife went supperless to bed; and the story-teller adds a moral a la Æsopian method:

"May every youth one day possess such a treasure of a wife as this; but Heaven preserve the maidens from marrying a Bastelicaccio!"

It is not only the nursery tales of our childish days, however, that reappear in these popular foli of the Corsican peasantry; many other familiar stories have somehow found their way into the wild mountains and wooded valleys, and are curiously interwoven with threads of local coloring. Shakespeare might be a name unknown to the swarthy herdsman; but tell him the story of King Lear, and of the fatuous decision that brought his life to so pitiful an end, and his dark eyes will flash and his mobile features kindle with interest as he gives you its counterpart from his store of legends, save and except the tragic sequel of the play.

Here, also, he will tell you the king has three children, two daughters and a son. Feeling the approach of old age and its infirmities, he summons them before him, and declares his intention of dividing among them his kingdom and all his wealth; but first of all desires to know the measure of their affection. The eldest daughter vows that she loves him more than her life, that for his sake she would renounce her hopes of Heaven. The son in his turn declares that his affection for his father outweighs his desire to reign in his place, that to please such a parent he would throw himself, if need be, into a fiery furnace. Then comes the old king's youngest daughter, his favorite child, and, like Cordelia, she makes no extravagant protestations, but modestly says that she loves him as a dutiful and affectionate daughter ought to love so kind a father. This reply enrages the infatuated king, and he orders her out of his sight. Marie wanders away in the disguise of a shepherdess, and meets with many wonderful adventures before the inevitable Prince comes to her rescue; but she steadfastly refuses to marry him unless her father can be present at the ceremony. Meanwhile, however, the poor old king has been so cruelly ill-treated by his unnatural children that he has lost his reason, and it is only after many months of tender care and loving attention that Marie's devotion is rewarded, and the king regains his throne. Then the wicked son and daughter are punished as they deserve; Cordelia's prototype is married, and everybody lives happily ever after.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are said to be 240,000 saloons in this country.

The breaking strain of an inch rope is said to be 9000 pounds.

Ham & Bacon is the suitable name of a firm of Pennsylvania butchers.

A man is very much like a razor, because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is completely strapped.

The new suffrage law of Belgium gives every married man two votes, one for himself and one for his family.

There is a disposition in Boston, it is stated, to revive a last century custom and have the wedding ring placed upon the thumb.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison.

At Wieliczka, near Cracow, an Austro-Galician city, there is a salt mine that has been worked for 600 years, and is still yielding fresh supplies.

Children in India have to learn the multiplication table up to forty times forty, and this is further complicated by the introduction of fractional parts.

A Liverpool hotel has put in some penny-in-the-slot gas fires. The system is applied to the gas supply, so that a fire in the grate can be turned on when needed.

The bones of the whales that the German Emperor slaughtered in the North Sea last summer are to be turned into furniture for the Norwegian boat-house at Potsdam.

John S. Prather, Sr., aged 87 years, and the oldest resident of Atlanta, Ga., was publicly immersed as a member of the Baptist Church of that city, on a recent Sunday.

There has been an increase of 157 per cent. in the number of divorces granted in this country from 1867 to 1891. In the same time there has been an increase in population of 69 per cent.

In a suit in Brooklyn recently it was developed that the receipts of 48 nickel in the-slot machines used in the sale of music, etc., at Coney Island, for three and a half months, were $1471.

A pound of rice contains 86.09 per cent. of nutritive matter. Lean beef contains but 20.33 per cent.; fat beef, 46.03 per cent.; potatoes, 23.24; Indian corn, 82.97; oats, 71.03; rye, 82.79, and wheat, 82.64.

The longest voyage on record in a balloon was made by J. Wise, from St. Louis to Henderson, N. Y., in July, 1859—a distance of 809 miles, which was made in 19 hours, or at the rate of 46 miles an hour.

Francis Wilkinson, a divinity student, fell asleep in church, the other night, in Chicago, while the Pastor was praying long and fervently, and it was 60 hours afterward before they could awaken him.

It is proposed to tax the salaries of New York school teachers 1 per cent. to form a fund to pension women teachers after 25 years of service, and men teachers after 30 years of service. No pension is to be less than $500.

According to London newspapers an amateur recently picked up for sixpence a study in red chalk, close examination of which disclosed that it is Raphael's original design for his famous picture "La Disputa del Sacramento," now in the Vatican. It is valued at $500.

The women who best patronize tobacconists are, next to the Kalmucks, the Russians. The ruling passions of Kalmuck women are ribbons to twist round their long tresses, tea, tobacco and bright handkerchiefs. But if they have to choose between tobacco and tea their option is for the former.

The latest car robbery scheme has been developed in Arkansas. Robbers enter trains and dump out freight as the train moves, getting off later and securing what goods they can. The robbing process was detected recently near Lawisville, the robbers driven to the woods, the train backed and half a carload of goods recovered.

The following advertisement appeared in a Brooklyn paper one day lately: "To do general rough housework, including washing and ironing, a strong, stout, willing, clean, native and perfectly healthy girl; German preferred; no thin, weakly, indolent girl without recommendations need apply; we offer a good home and fair wages."

A novel plan of deciding upon post-office contests has been proposed at Valparaiso, Indiana. The candidates are to name a committee, and the men thus designated will call a caucus of all the party voters, to select delegates to a convention. The candidate receiving the highest number of votes in the convention will be rewarded with the appointment.

South Thomaston, Me., boasts of a remarkable family, consisting of three old women, the oldest, Mrs. Lucretia Bates, being 96 years old. Her two companions, Mrs. Julia Ash and Mrs. Miriam Hall, are both over 70. These two board her, keep several cows, a big flock of hens and lots of ducks, do their own work and earn their own living off the farm on which they live.

GHOSTS.

BY M. ROCH.

When the brilliant hues of the sunset fade
Into amber and paly gold;
When the wren and the robin sleep in the glade,
And the shepherd shuts his fold;
When the lamps are lit in the deep, blue skies,
And the toil of the day is done—
Pale, haunting ghosts of the past arise
From the shadows one by one.

They cluster round us, these phantom shades,
These ghosts of the days of old,
As the cheerful glow of the daylight fades
In the twilight dim and cold;
And in vain we moan, and in vain we weep,
And we may not from them hide;
Closer and closer these shadows creep
In the twilights to our side.

ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES.

No more striking illustration of the dangers we incur by interfering with the balance of nature could well be cited than the fact that the authorities in some parts of Florida have found it necessary to legislate for the preservation of alligators.

These hideous saurians abound in the Southern Mississippi and its tributaries; and when a use was discovered for their skins, even zoologists were not heard to protest against their speedy extermination. The reason of the prohibition is not far to seek; the cane-rat, which dwells in the swampy banks of the rivers, has increased proportionately with the destruction of the alligators, and threatens ruin to all harvests by the water-side. The result is that the authorities have passed a law forbidding the slaughter of alligators for the space of three years, under a penalty of twenty dollars; for a hundred during the breeding season.

The "Alligator Mississippensis" attains its greatest length in Florida, and specimens have been found of twenty-three feet. They appear never to leave fresh water; during the winter they hibernate in the mud on the margins of their haunts. In the neighborhood of Bayou Zara, on the Mississippi, vast flats of lakes and marshes stretch away on either bank; every year these are flooded by the overflow of the river, when they are visited by myriads of fish.

The heat soon partly dries up these lagoons, leaving only about a few feet of water in them, thus exposing a vast amount of prey to the birds and alligators. In the deepest portions, quantities of these imprisoned fish accumulate, and these are known in the country as alligator holes. Thither the horrid reptiles crowd, and as evaporation proceeds, soon exterminate all the captives.

Alligators feed principally during the night, when they are said to assemble in large herds, driving the fish before them into the estuaries. Alligators are very numerous in Mexican and Central American waters. The natives of Mexico when they find an isolated alligator asleep, throw a lasso round its body, and, when secured, gag it. After this, the brute's career is terminated by repeated blows on the head.

Another method is practised by the inhabitants of the banks of the Upper Orinoco. A tree is bent—generally, a bamboo is selected, from its elasticity—and the top is brought down to the butt; a bait is then placed on a sharp hook, the line attached to it being fastened securely to the small end of the bent tree, which is caused to relax its position by an ingenious piece of mechanism which lets way the moment the least strain is felt upon the line. The tree-point becoming thus released, straightens itself with great velocity, and drags the alligator from the water.

Various negro tribes place the alligator among their gods. In Madagascar, says Rev. Mr. Ellis, "the natives invoke their forbearance with prayers, or seek protection with charms, rather than attack them; even the shaking of a spear over the monsters would be regarded as an act of sacrilegious insult to the guardians of the flood imperiling the life of the offender the next time he should venture into the water." In all heathen lands where alligators are found, more or less respect is paid to them, and savages are everywhere reluctant to kill them. According to the natives, they will seize white flesh in preference to black or brown; but a dog is asserted to be the caiman's tid-bit.

The relations in which crocodiles were regarded by the early Egyptians is not the least puzzling of the many problems that beset the Egyptologist. That they were worshipped is indubitable; yet what are we to make of that strange cemetery where countless thousands are entombed, the spaces between the larger specimens being packed in with eggs and little ones? Such numbers could not have perished naturally; and if they were objects of worship, it is clear they were not allowed to multiply unchecked.

Crocodiles are more voracious than alligators. Sir Samuel Baker says that many children fall victims every year on the banks of the Liamba when their mothers go to fetch water. The crocodile stuns its victim with a blow from its powerful tail, and then drags it into the river, where it is soon drowned. In general, when the crocodile perceives a man, it dives, and furtively glides away from the side which he occupies. Sometimes, on the other hand, it precipitates itself with surprising agility towards the person it has discovered, which may be noticed from the disturbance on the surface of the water.

One of the innumerable curious sights of India is the Nuggar tank of Kurachi. In former times, the crocodiles which inhabit it roamed the neighborhood at their will, seeking whom they might devour; but so great were their depredations that the authorities were forced to build a wall round their haunt. This is a swamp, caused by hot springs, the medicinal virtues of which have been known from early times, and are attributed to the sanctity of a Mohammedan whose tomb is close by, and to whom the crocodiles are sacred.

This tank, as it is called, is about one hundred and fifty yards long by about half that distance in breath. In this space one observer counted over two hundred reptiles, from eight to fifteen feet long, and smaller ones innumerable. They are so tame, in a sense, that it is necessary to poke them with a stick before they will move. Buffaloes are always standing in the water, and are not attacked; but any other animal is instantly seized.

Grains of Gold.

To do good work, you must put your heart to it.

Self-conceit is one of the first gods men worship.

A small mind has usually plenty of room for pride.

The party who refuses to forgive is the one who is wrong.

A good many ugly sins will try to hide behind one doubt.

Shun the things that bad men are known to be in favor of.

There is hope for the man who is conscious of his own faults.

There are too many men who love to preach but hate to practice.

No man can do wrong and maintain his self-respect while doing it.

A vacant mind is a standing offer to the devil of free house room.

The important thing, if you would lead others, is to go that way yourself.

The only thing that keeps a stingy man from stealing is the risk of the thing.

There is no such thing as doing right from principle without being well paid for it.

One reason why some men do not have better wives is because they are such poor husbands.

Praise undeserved is of double import: we feel it is unmerited, and we feel also that it might have been merited.

The very act of receiving, if done graciously and with thankful kindliness, is in itself a gift, and one that stimulates renewed generosity.

Femininities.

Lot's wife was what might be called a well-preserved woman.

An effort is being made to found a school of millinery in Paris.

Professor: "What a pity that this young lady has both her arms. She would otherwise be a real Venus of Milo."

It is strange, though true, that a barrel of self-raising flour is just as heavy to lift as a barrel of the ordinary kind.

"Whatever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket-comb? He's as bald as a billiard-ball." "That's just it; I want to make him think I never noticed it."

Contributor: "What kind of jokes do you prefer?" Editor: "Leap year jokes." Contributor: "Why?" Editor: "Because it takes them four years to come round again."

"How do you manage to find your way across the ocean?" said a lady to a sea-captain. "Why, by the compass." The needle always points to the north." "Yes, I know. But what if you wish to go south?"

He: "This is our last day together. To-morrow I go away, and she'n't see you till we meet in the city again. But I shall not kiss anybody until I see you." She: "Oh, George, for heaven's sake don't get out of practice."

Young wife, complainingly: "You haven't brought me a box of chocolate caramels since we were married."

Young husband: "That's queer. Now I come to think, you haven't remarked that you so enjoyed the smoke of a good cigar since we were married."

The following is a characteristic extract from the manuscript diary of King James II., which is preserved in the imperial library at Paris: "I did not retire from the battle on the Boyne from a sense of fear, but that I might preserve to the world a life that I felt was destined to future greatness."

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him last night," she blushingly told her mother.

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him to ask you."

"Ask me?" echoed the startled parent. "Why, Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy, would you?"

A newspaper printed in Austria recently contained the following advertisement, which is a specimen of the truly economical spirit: "A widow who still possesses the entire wardrobe of her deceased husband, is disposed to enter into correspondence with a suitable gentleman, if such can be found, with a view to matrimony."

"There is no use trying to deny it," said one young man to another. "Bimmins is badly married. I hate to say it, but it's so." "How do you know?" "By a talk I have just had with him." "Does he complain?" "No. That's the pathetic part of it. He was telling me how good-natured and clever his wife is, because, this morning, she showed him how to fasten his suspender with a hairpin."

The young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the Bridewell Sunday morning to preach to the prisoners. "My friends," said the embarrassed young man, as he rose up and faced the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."

It's a deep mystery—the way the heart of a man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen in the world, and makes it easier for him to work seven years for her, like Jacob did for Rachel, sooner than have other woman for the asking. I often think of those words, "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed but a few days, for the love he had to her."

There is at Reykjavik, in Iceland, an interesting school for women, which represents the patriotic love and self-sacrifice of Icelandic women; as it was founded and is supported through the exertions of one woman, who lectures in Europe on the needs of her native island, and the generosity of other women who brought their heirlooms and poured them into the lap of the founder.

An English schoolboy wrote as follows on the theme "Breath." We shall not hazard to forecast his future. "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our livers and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys who stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get outdoors. Boys in a room make carbonicide. Carbonicide is more poisonous than mad dogs."

Madame Patti's castle in Wales is filled with all sorts of pets, chief among them are two Welsh ponies, which cost the prima donna the sum of £100 each. The diva is a famous judge of birds, and numbers in her collection a whistling bullfinch that flies through the room at pleasure. Jumbo is the name of a parrot, which is remarkable for its intelligence and bad temper. Jumbo is cross and unfriendly with every one save its mistress, and she it caresses most lovingly. When Patti is away from home Jumbo sits disconsolate and wails, "I am so ill, I am so ill. Where is Patti?" When at home Patti spends much of her time with her pets and her flowers, loving both to the fullest extent of her nature.

Masculinities.

A man may be very sharp, and yet never cut an acquaintance.

A person mad with whisky naturally uses intemperate language.

You may be moral without being religious, but you cannot be religious without being mortal.

It is not what he has or what he does which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

A philosopher is a man who does not try to argue with others until he knows he can down them.

Is it possible that the reason some people love at first sight is because they don't know each other then?

If you would have your sweetheart remember you forever send her a present that costs only a nickel.

Senor Jose Guazzone, the Wheat King of the Argentine Republic, owns 63,000 acres of land and is a millionaire.

The Prince of Wales captured only two purses on the turf this season, and they were worth less than $2000.

A masculine shoplifter was caught in the act in a New York store a few days since by a young woman detective.

"Dr. Physic is terribly careless. He's always losing something." "What has he been losing now?" "His patients."

It will not do to think that because we have overcome great temptations, it is not worth while to guard against little ones.

Signor Giolitti, an Italian Deputy, wants to straighten the national finances of that country by imposing a tax on beards.

"Why do you take your laundry to a Chinaman?" asked the man who has prejudices. "Because he doesn't wear my kind of shirts."

A pair of Shelby county, Ky., lovers, inspired by the song of "Daisy Bell," eloped to Louisville on a bicycle built for two and were made one.

Farmer Ball, of Greene county, N. C., who recently sent his autograph to a stranger by request, has received it back at the bottom of a promissory note.

Mingle: "Is Knarrowsole a liberal man?" Mangle: "On the contrary; were he to hear that coffins had fallen off 5 per cent. in price he would die within an hour."

Senator William Butler and Chief Justice Edward M Paxson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, learned their trade as printers in the office of the West Chester Village Record.

A woman in Oakland, Cal., sued for divorce, shot her husband during the trial in a fit of jealous rage, then nursed him back to health, fell in love with him again, and is now living with him.

"Your husband," said the caller, sympathizingly, "was a man of many excellent qualities." "Yes," sighed the widow, "he was a good man. Everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to six lodges."

Thomas M. Queer returned to his family at Wooster, Ohio, recently, after an absence of 41 years. His return was welcomed by his wife and one daughter, the only surviving members of the family. Queer is over 80 years of age, and as he feared his days on earth were drawing to a close he resolved to visit his old home before the end came.

A widower's association has been formed in Dresden. No man can join unless his wife is dead, and if he marries again he becomes an honorary member merely. One of the chief purposes of the association is to help newly made widowers by looking after their wives' funerals and caring for their children. Members will also meet for mutual sympathy and entertainment.

A French baker is not only required to conform to laws regarding weight, but he is also told at what price he must sell his bread. He is further required to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good behavior. In the large fortified cities he has to keep a specified quantity on hand to provide for warlike emergencies.

Martin Backus, of Stillwater, Minn., is said to be the most absent-minded man in the Northwest. He recently forgot an engagement to marry until three hours after the appointed time, and then he remembered it, but the name of his affianced bride wholly escaped his mind. By the aid of the young woman's father and two brothers and a shotgun his memory was refreshed and a tragedy averted.

A side show attached to a circus which showed in a country town in West Virginia had a big sign: "Only ten cents to see the most wonderful thing in the world." Persons curious enough to pay the dime found a man sitting on a chair inside whittling a piece of wood. As he cut away, with an outward sweep of his knife, he remarked: "Gentlemen, always whittle like this, and you will be in no danger of cutting yourselves." That was the whole show. People who had been duped went out and advised their friends to go in, and it is claimed that the side show did more business than the circus.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Those women who wish to dress well must not calculate cost. It would be impossible to make a cheap gown of such stuffs as are now worn. Satin is draped over underskirts of velvet; the peplum of thirty years ago is coming back to us, and is most effective when made of velvet over cloth, the point falling deep in front, drawn to the side, and mingling with the fulness at the back.

Evening dresses still have ruches at the hem, but it is the sleeves which cannot fail to attract attention. They are gigantic, with puffs which are shaped to the elbow in a manner that is altogether inexplicable. Many dinner gowns have bodices formed of puffings of chiffon, divided by horizontal bands of gold, singularly light and graceful.

In one bodice there is frequently a mixture of broche satin and velvet, each distinct in coloring and the one opening over the other. White, rose and blue are a charming mixture, and white, mauve and green.

Capes like those worn by Anne of Austria, turning downwards from the neck over the shoulder and bust, and edged with lace, are borrowed from the period when the most graceful styles had sway. A triple collar is sometimes cut in the same style, but opens at the back and on each shoulder, the sleeves being of a distinctly different color, such as green with mauve, or vieux rose with rich lie de vin.

Heavy point lace is draped on the low bodices, and kept in place by choux bows, made of satin, in two or three colors combined. Bodices entirely different from the skirt are the height of the mode, and a white and a white gold bodice would be considered a pretty complement to a black skirt.

Some of the most beautiful dresses of the day are made in black stamped velvet and black satin, almost covered with jet, the sleeves being of two or three different colored satins, while all the rest remains black. Black, yellow and white are combined, and heliotrope, rose and blue. The large, bold watered moires, diversified by colored pea spots have shot grounds and often fan shaped trimmings on the full graceful skirts. Vandyke lace, Vandyke tunics and Vandyke trimmings are exceedingly fashionable, and long detached stole ends occasionally hang in front of the shoulder, but more often in the middle of the back and chiffon rosettes not intrequently form a heading to long transparent streamers.

Mousseline de soie is used especially in such mixtures as orange and white and charming low bodices are made with three capes of this material embroidered in gold sequins. The bodices now have no darts and hardly any seams, the material crossing under deep belts which end just beneath the bust. Velvets are universally worn, and for bodices are cut in a new square form, with the big sleeves which give great apparent and real width to the figure. A woman of fashion in full dress measures 3 feet across from sleeve to sleeve.

Nobody looks slight nowadays. A year or two ago we all tried to be as slender as possible, now we are trying how well-developed our figures can look; and in order not to shorten the waist the belts are often arranged to give length. Paste buckles are introduced on the shoulders, and they show up well with the favorite dahlia tint. Swaying fringes appear wherever it is possible, and we are grown so luxurious that we are not content with costly fur trimmings, but we are also lining our black velvet cloaks with chinchilla and other skins, that are visible just at the edge of the garment and at the revers.

Young people always look well in light-colored woolen goods, and for them there are nun's veiling in all the lightest and newest shades, and some crimped crepons, double width, and almost everlasting wear. Another variety in crepon is the "Orient," which displays the new silk spots, generally in color on a cream ground. The cream serges are not to be despised, nor the more durable wool cashmeres, which can be procured in all the evening shades, charming greens, pinks, mauves, and yellows. Some of the juveniles who patronize these thin fabrics will be gladly to know that sateens of shades to match are to be had 31 inches broad. Last, but not least, there is a new cotele cloth, with an interwoven stripe, all pure wool. The turquoise blue is charming, and so is the blush-pink.

We are certainly coming to the old-fashioned flounces, and a bronze-green poult de soie, intermixed with velvet, had a feathered basque on the cross, as was the bodice, which had no seams arranged in the back. Paisley silk formed the revers, which rolled over the back into a collar, the flounce on the skirt was piped with velvet, and instead of being carried across the front breadth, divided, and covered the side seams to the depth of half a yard—a new treatment. All bright colors are worn, and leather plays an imporant part, for it is used as pipings, and also as waistcoats, edged with the same material, which it has hitherto been considered impracticable to gather. Basques appear on most of the dresses, and some of these are shaped to the bodices in such a way that they form a point in the middle of the back, and one at each side. Some of the skirts are still stiffened, an arrangement rendered necessary by the fashionable long cloaks, as without this the a would not stand out well at the feet.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The Use of Water.—Material injury is done the complexion by going to sleep with a dirty face. Nothing is more conducive to blackheads and a dull color than retiring without removing the accumulation of dust and powder from the skin. These impurities clog the pores, impeding perspiration as well as the discharge from the sebaceous follicles which supply the natural oil, and pimples and eruptions frequently result. There is only one way to keep the functions of the skin active and the surface of the body healthy and beautiful, and that is by frequent bathing. Washing the face with warm water and pure soap is the quickest and surest way of getting it clean. There are plenty of good soaps in the market, but what is agreeable to one face is irritating to another. Castile is always to be depended upon, and a little tincture of benzoin will make a basin of water as white as milk, and cleanse, brighten and sweeten the face. Woman is far too beautiful to make a luxury of soap and water or to economize in clean linen. Frequent bathing will keep the skin in perfect condition; and frequent bathing means two dips a day. Water is nature's beautifier and purifier. You can't use too much of it internally or externally; it is only weakening to people who are not in the habit of using it. A warm bath is restful; a tepid bath is cooling and refreshing, and a cold bath will make the eyes sparkle and the flesh firm and the muscles taut.

The Salting of Meat, Tongues, etc.—A prominent cook recommends the following thrifty method in salting meat, tongues, pigs' feet, etc. Simmer until cooked, and then place in brine, pickle, or salt, instead of salting the raw material. A dish will thus be ready at any time, only requiring to be heated; while the broth from the simmering, when reduced, is available as the foundation of soups, being free from salt.

Minced Chicken or Mutton with Eggs for Invalids.—Take, if chicken, some of the white meat from the breast and remove all skin and outside parts—if mutton, an underdone slice or two from the leg, saddle, or loin; mince it very finely; put it into a stewpan with a little very good strong gravy or beef tea free from fat; flavor it, if liked, with a few herbs and spices, and simmer gently until quite hot, but not boiling; then thicken it with a little butter and flour, and season to taste with pepper and salt. Put this mince on a small dish, and serve on the top of a nicely-poached egg.

Potato Ribbons.—Peel the potatoes carefully, and pare them round and round in long thin ribbon-like pieces; lay these in a pan of cold water, then drain on a soft dry cloth. Fry them till quite crisp and brown in boiling lard or clarified dripping; again drain on tissue-paper. Pile the ribbons high on a dish, dust with a little salt and pepper, and place small tufts of parsley here and there.

Marrow Pudding.—Line a pie-dish thinly with puff pastry; take three ounces of bread-crumbs and seven ounces of marrow shredded, the grated rind of half a lemon, a little nutmeg, and three ounces of castor sugar; mix together. Take the yolks of four eggs and the whites of three; beat these well, and then add not quite a pint and a half of milk to them. Pour this on to the other ingredients, and mix them together; then pour into the pie-dish lined with paste, and bake in a moderately hot oven for an hour.

Cod-roe.—For home consumption the Norwegians dry cod roe in the sun, then pickle it; when fresh, it makes a tasteful caviare, but quickly spoils unless kept hermetically sealed. The chief use of Norwegian cod roe is, after drying and salting for export to France, as the killing bait in sardine fisheries.

Here is the correct way to stone raisins: Free the raisins from the stems and then put them in a bowl. Cover them with boiling water and let them stand for two minutes. Pour off the water, open the raisins, and the seeds can be removed quickly and easily without the usual stickiness.

Disagreeable sensations resulting from cough vanish before Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SOME SINGULAR SIGNS.

Travelers in China often derive amusement from the peculiarities of shop-signs there, many of which are couched in the most eloquent and poetical terms. Here, too, may be seen sign-plates of such curious occupations as hose-restorers, artificial-ear makers, child-adopters, salad-mixers, and so forth.

In the Isle of Man, over the shop of a barber who supplies customers with all kinds of fishing-tackle, the writer was amused to read the following: "Piscatorial Repository, Tonsorial Artist, Physiognomical Hairdresser, Cranium Manipulator and Capillary Abridger, Shaving and Hair-cutting with Ambidextrous Facility, Shampooing on Physiological Principles."

On a signboard in the town where the writer lives may be read this phonetic announcement. "Shews Maid and Men dead Hear;" and when we add that it is over a cobbler's shop, the reader may discover its meaning.

Above an establishment in Liverpool not very long ago appeared the legend, "Rages and Bones." In another town can be seen the inscription, "Coke and Wood, dealers in Wood and Coal;" and a street in Clifton is graced by a sign informing the passers-by that the owner thereof is a "Milliner and Modest."

An inscription on a signboard in Lancashire announces the following miscellaneous articles for sale: "Bibles, Blackballs, and Butter, Testaments, Tar, and Treacle, Godly Books, and Gimblets, Sold here."

A shop-sign in London reads: "Plots for novels or short stories. Prices reasonable." The occupant of the shop is said to have a rare talent for devising plots, but no great powers of narration, so he is supposed to make his living by selling skeleton plots for stories in cheap papers.

Another singular business announcement over a certain photograph gallery is, "Misfit photographs for sale." This, we are told, brings many customers. Mothers, for instance, who have little children, often buy pictures of children with long hair when the hair of their loved ones hasn't grown, and send them round to friends at a distance. Brides' photographs are also said to sell very well.

"Teeth pulled while you wait" is a still more singular sign, said to have been set up by a dentist in Fleetwood.

This curious specimen of orthography was displayed on a house in a street in Marylebone: "The Mangelling Traid removed hear from the Strete round the Cornir. Threhapense a Duzzen. N. B.—New Milk and Creme Sould Hear. Warentidd Fresh and not Stail every Mornin'."

"Irish and English" is the name of a firm in Buffalo, New York. The strangest thing about it is that Mr. Irish is English, and Mr. English is Irish.

As a precautionary measure, a Clapham jeweler painted on his shutters: "Notice.—In every part of this house there is sure and certain death For Burglars. Beware."

He must have been a facetious hotel proprietor who hung up this sign in his rooms: "Indian clubs and dumb-bells will not be permitted in any of the rooms. Guests in need of exercise can go down to the kitchen and pound a steak."

A notice displayed in a Norway hotel is a curious specimen of "English as she is spoke." It reads as follows: "Bath! first-class. Can anybody get. Tushbath. Warm and Cold. Tubbath and Showerbath. At any time. Except Saturday. By two hours forbore." This brings to mind another specimen of foreigners' English, displayed on a notice posted up in an Art Exhibition in Japan to which foreigners were welcomed. Here are a few examples of the rules: "Visitors is requested at the entrance to show tickets for inspection. Tickets are charged 10 sens and 2 sens, for the special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in, if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take in with himself dog, or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take good care of himself from thievely."

An Englishman in Boulogne saw displayed in a shop window this notice: "Eating and Drinking Sold Here."

Doubtless, as curious as any of the foregoing is the puzzling sign in front of a small shoemaker's shop at Cannes. It is in English, and is thus worded: "Repairs hung with stage-coach." The visitor for whose benefit this information is intended, may, after much cogitation, arrive at the conclusion that the cobbler only wishes to inform his numerous patrons that repairs are executed with diligence.

"To WHAT do you attribute your longevity?" asked an investigator of a centenarian. "To the fact that I never died," was the conclusive reply.

You cannot deny facts, it is a fact that Salvation Oil is the greatest pain cure. 25c.

EXCURSIONS TO THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

The Royal Blue Line has arranged a series of personally conducted three day tours from New York, Newark, Elizabeth, Trenton and Philadelphia to Washington, under the supervision of Thos. Cook & Son, the famous Tourist Agents. The dates selected are January 25, February 15, March 8, 29, April 19, 26, and May 10 and 17. The rate from New York, Newark and Elizabeth will be $13 00, from Trenton $12 25, and from Philadelphia $11.00, which will include transfers between depot and hotel and first-class hotel accommodations at Washington. The train will leave New York on above dates from station, foot of Liberty Street, 9 00 A. M., leaves Newark, C. R. R. of N. J., 8 55 A. M., Elizabeth, Royal Blue Line, 9 31 A. M., Trenton, P. & R., 10.20 A. M., Philadelphia, 12th & Market Streets, 11.26 A. M., and 24th & Chestnut Streets, 11.42 A. M., and will arrive at Washington 3 00 P. M.

The tickets will be valid for the return journey on any Royal Blue Line train within three days, including day of sale, thus affording tourists an opportunity to visit the public buildings and places of interest in and about the Capitol.

For more detailed information call on or write Thomas Cook & Son, 261, 1225 Broadway, New York, or 828 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WHAT PRODUCES DEATH.—Some one says that few men die of age—almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression "choked with passion" has little exaggeration in it; with passion though not suddenly fatal, for, even then shorten life. Strong-strong passions die young; weak men bodied men often live longer, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like a candle, run; the weak burn out.

THE QUAKER AND THE COW.—The silent meditations of some worthy Quakers, in a tiny country meeting-house assembled, were much disturbed one recent Sabbath morn by the loud buzzing of an angry wasp.

At last an elder solemnly rose, and stalking to the window he succeeded in killing the noisy intruder.

Silence once more reigned supreme. A few minutes later, however, the loud bellowing of a cow in closure proximity to the door again disturbed the congregation.

The elder rose, frowning at this second interruption, and a child who had watched, with interest the killing of the wasp, demanded, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by all—

"Is he going to kill the cow?"

BRIGHT EYES

—AND—

Blonde and Brunette

Companion Pictures in Beautiful Colors as a Premium to Subscribers to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "BRIGHT EYES" and "BLONDE AND BRUNETTE." These pictures are two of the most beautifully-artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up WITHOUT FRAME OR GLASS. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass holders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the help of clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 14 x 22 inches in size, and will be sent to each person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

Recent Book Issues.

Anyone who has ever seen one of the "Keeping Everlastingly At It" Calendars issued by N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, is ever afterward very hard to please. That for 1894 is a rare combination of beauty and utility—it might well be called "a World's Fair edition" because of its numerous references to that wonderful event. It is easy to credit the statement that an increasing number of these calendars is sold each year. The price delivered post paid to any address is 25 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The complete novel in "Lippincott's Magazine" for January is contributed by Harry Willard French, author of "The Lance of Kanana," etc., and is entitled "The Colonel." Mr. French has given us a story that is delightfully fresh and original. The opening chapters of a new serial of rare promise are given in this number. It is by Gilbert Parker, author of "The Translation of a Savage," etc., and is entitled "The Trespasser." Molly Elliot Sewall contributes one of her notable stories, entitled "Frenchy." The other articles are of the usual high class. Published in this city.

One of the most valuable and entertaining of the monthlies is "The Eclectic," which comes for January freighted with the choicest articles published in the leading periodicals of Europe. Among the selection are articles by St. G. Mivart, A. Lang, Professor Jebb, Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, Yves Guyot, R. Wallace, M. P., C. H. Firth and others. As a compendium of current literature the "Eclectic" cannot be surpassed. Published at New York.

"The Cosmopolitan" for January is a charming number. It contains a magnificently illustrated article by W. D. Howells entitled "A Bit of Altruria in New York," and an unpublished poem by Whittier. Other authors represented in this great issue are F. D. Sherman, R. Hovey, Hunter MacCulloch, St. G. Mivart, Agnes Repplier, Marion Harland, and Capt. Chas. King. Published at New York.

SOMETHING SOLID.—In Mrs. King's book on India she tells a good story of masculine taste. At a flower-show the ladies were judges in one hall, while in another hall the gentlemen awarded the prizes. A comparison of results brought into strong light the contrast of opinions, or rather the difference of standards.

"We had no great difficulty," says Mrs. King, "in awarding the prize for the best arranged cut-flowers to a basket filled with a most graceful and artistic combination of scarlet, yellow, white and blue. It was in amusing contrast to another bouquet to which the masculine judges awarded their first prize. We begged them to let us guess which was the prize-winner, and, going round the table, we unanimously fixed on one; but the men shook their heads. So we tried again, and, after fixing unsuccessfully on three more, we humbly confessed ourselves beaten. The judges' faces fell, and, with some shyness, they pointed out the arrangement that had seemed to them the most commendable. It was like a cauliflower in shape, and contained a great quantity of flowers all so tight and neat that they might have been clipped! Our presence of mind was not equal to saying more than 'Oh, really!' and one of the judges remarked almost apologetically—

"'You see, we like something solid!'"

NOBLE AND IGNOBLE MEN.—One great difference that may be noticed between noble and ignoble men is the care or the indifference that they exhibit towards posterity. The former are not content merely to minister to the needs of the present generation; their plans include those who are to come afterward.

They regard the treasures which they have received from the past as a trust which they are bound to hand down to the future, not only intact, but enlarged. The latter esteem such foresight to be either an affectation or an over-conscientiousness which is absurd. "The world will last my time," is a favorite expression of their utter apathy as to what may become of it afterwards. We are happy to believe that the number of the former is continually being reinforced from the ranks of the latter.

There are many who now practice self-denial for the sake of their descendants, who plant trees for them to sit under and build cities for them to dwell in—who put into all their labors a thoroughness and permanence which will enrich the lives of those yet unborn, and who take a sincere and benevolent pleasure in doing so.

TAMING ANIMALS.

It is said that one of the most difficult animals to tame is the zebra; and a reporter who made inquiries on the subject at the Zoological Gardens obtained evidence corroborative of this view.

"Of course, zebras vary like other creatures," said a veteran attendant who has spent many years of his life among the animals at the Zoo.

"In some cases they will allow a man to go in and clean out their stables, but, as a rule, they are very wild. The rhinoceros," added the old man, shaking his head thoughtfully "is a dangerous brute, with a very short temper indeed."

"How about the lions?"

"Well, some lions are much better-tempered than others. It is always easier, though, to get on with a lion than with a lioness. And a lion that has been caught young is generally far tamer than one that has been born in captivity.

"How do I account for that? Oh, I suppose it is because on the voyage they are made pets of by the sailors and get familiar with men and their ways."

"The tiger is not a gentleman who is easily tamed?" suggested the writer.

The veteran glanced at the cages where several of these great cats were walking up and down, and gave an emphatic reply in the negative. He evidently, after his long experience, had no ambition to shine as a tiger-tamer.

A visit to the reptile house does not inspire one with affection for the inmates. It appears, however, that even they can be rendered docile without great difficulty.

"We don't touch the poisonous snakes," said a keeper; "but we can make the others tame enough if we want to in a very few days."

"How do you manage it?"

"Oh, by handling them. They soon get accustomed to it, and we generally have one or two kept pretty tame, so as to be able to show them on special occasions."

"Do these snakes get to know you?"

"I can't say that they do," was the reply; but the keeper intimated that if a stranger were to attempt to handle them they would probably appreciate the difference in the touch.

On entering the monkey house the writer was much struck by the behavior of a little black-headed creature, who was indulging in extraordinary antics with the object of attracting the attention of a lady visitor.

The monkey pressed both her hands to her heart, chattered incessantly, and followed the lady along the cage, making grotesque and yet almost pathetic efforts to express her admiration. As soon as the lady had disappeared, the animal whined piteously.

"She always does that when a lady looks at her," explained the keeper. "No," he added, "she never takes any notice of a man.

"Monkeys are not at all difficult to get along with until they become old," continued the keeper. "Then they are apt to be very fierce, and we have to be most careful in dealing with them. An old ape is by no means a pleasant animal to tackle."

SAWS.—Steel plates for saws are prepared from ingots carefully made to secure uniform quality, and, after being rolled, they are slit into shapes designed for the different kinds of saws. Hand saws in England and America have the teeth pointed from the handle, while in Asiatic countries and in Greece they are made with teeth pointed the other way. The latter must be operated by pulling them; the former by pushing. For delicate work, and where very fine small saws are used, the Eastern saw is the best. The space between the teeth of circular saws is hollowed out, and resembles very much the bend of a fish-hook. This precaution prevents them from clogging. The Orientals also differ from us in setting the teeth of the saw. They turn a group of a dozen one way, and the next group the other, while we alternate one on one side, the next on the other. There are saws made so small and minute as not to exceed one-fiftieth of an inch in width, and less than that in thickness.

THE MUSICAL LIZARD.—A correspondent writes—"When in Switzerland two years ago, I made the acquaintance of some lizards living in the crevices of one of the sunny walls of our garden. As I had somewhere heard that lizards have a good ear for music, I resolved to prove the fact; so one afternoon, armed with a small musical-box, I wended my steps to their tomato-covered home. Before I had finished the first tune a considerable audience had collected—an audience it was a pleasure to play to, for the lizards were far more attentive than most human beings. Out peered head after head, a little on one side, in a listening attitude. I gave my little friends a musical entertainment, varied by whistling, nearly every day, and before long they got much bolder, and would venture right out of their holes and lie motionless on the broad ledge of the wall, their bright black eyes half closed as a rule, but opening now and then to give me a lazy wink of enjoyment."

BENEFITS OF FRUIT-EATING.—The berries, the peaches, the apples, and the plums—not only of these, but of all others eat freely as often as you can get them. There are only two restrictions. They should not be eaten later than dinner-time; they should be eaten while fresh, ripe, perfect, and in their natural raw state, without milk, cream, sugar, spices, water, or any other liquid, within an hour afterwards. Fruits are known to be cooling and healthful; the reason is, their acidity, like that of some other articles, stimulates the separation of bile from the blood; this causes an "open" condition of the system, the attendant of high health, an active body, and a joyous heart. Hence, if that acidity is corrected by sweets of any kind, in such proportion they fall of their natural good effects.

MORAL IDEAS.—Many of our moral ideas that are clear and certain enough are not carried out into our daily lives. We hold them in theory, we believe in them abstractly; but we do not trust in them as guides to action. Our inclinations war against them, or we fancy that our interests will suffer in their hands, or we suppose that they are suited only to an ideal community. We forget that there never can be any moral advancement in society except as each man or woman follows up his or her own ideal. These acts of self-denial and of courageous trust in the right are the very means by which society is to be purified and elevated, and thus an immense responsibility rests upon every one who has a clearer view of duty than his neighbors.

QUALIFICATION.—The man who has learned the art of economizing his time knows that he must not stint in the period required for preparation. Whether he proposes to plough a field, to make a road, to build a ship, to conduct a business, to teach a class, to argue a case, to paint a picture, or to write a book, he sees to it that he is qualified for the work. He obtains the requisite proficiency at whatever cost of time; or, should he find that to be quite impossible, he will resign an undertaking which can have no promise of success. When he begins the work therefore, he is ready for it—a state to which many busy people never attain. He knows just what he has to do and how to do it, and he need not waste precious time in vain experiments or in looking helplessly around for aid.

A CUNNING BIRD.—An intellectual canary which belongs to a Nova Scotia damsel, one day found the water in its glass too low to reach, and, after several unsuccessful attempts to drink, hopped on its perch, and sat quietly for a few minutes. Suddenly it turned round, pulled a loose feather out of its tail, and dipped the tip into the water, putting its claw crosswise on the feather, and wetting its beak in the moisture. The canary repeated the trick several times, till its thirst was quenched.

ALL bright colors are injurious to the eyes, whereas faded and neutral tints give repose. Great contrasts in colors also injure the eyes. Dyspepsia, damp houses, bad food are also fatal to the eyes. Never rub the eyes; even if a speck enter an eye, shut the eyes, and remain quiet, till the speck comes out naturally with the tears it causes.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.)
Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. H. DEACON, Publisher.
227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!
THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT
PENSIONS
ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. Washington, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $4 to $10 per month under the old law are entitled to higher rates under new law, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether due to service or not.

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Humorous.

THE CHOICE OF TWO.

Young man, if you've two sweethearts, one of whom you mean to wed,
Oh! change your mind, we pray, and take the other one instead.
We tell you this in kindness, for your own contentment, brother,
For mind, if you wed one of them, you'll wish you'd wed the other.

—U. N. Nose.

Want washing—Laundresses.

Crying need—A handkerchief.

A table of contents—The dinner-table.

A suit for damage—The small boy's.

The best pocket companion—A full purse.

Begins at the foot of the ladder—The hod-carrier.

Query—Does it require wings to make a flying visit.

Natural selection—Taking the largest apple on the plate.

New Proverb—Never waste your time; waste somebody else's.

The man to whom life is a bumper—The phrenologist.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the rarest works of art are well done.

What is it the child receives free, the young man steals, and the old man buys?—A kiss.

He: "I feel completely prostrated. I wish I were dead!" She: "Well, why don't you let me send for a doctor?"

A.: "We can't leave for an hour, old fellow." B., surprised: "Why not?" A.: "My wife has gone into the kitchen for a second."

Sportman: "Are there any snipe in this bog?" Native: "Is it shnipes? Begob, if you hadn't yer gun wid ye, they'd ate ye alolve!"

"I," said a self-made man, "started in life without a farthing in my pocket." "And I," put in another, "started in life without a pocket."

"Didn't he say once that he would never speak to you again?" "Yes; but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."

Visitor, in Jones' room, at 11 P. M.: "That young lady in the house across the way sings like a bird." Jones, unkindly: "Not altogether. You see, a bird stops singing at night."

Employer: "I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man." Applicant: "Keep the place open for an hour, sir—I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job."

Hunter: "For goodness sake, who ever buys your goods in this out-of-the-way place?" Mr. O'Toole: "Divil a one. You see, I lost so much trusting people that I set up a store here ter kape what little I had left."

Mrs. Brown: "The birds my husband brought home were so full of shot they nearly fell to pieces." Mrs. Green: "He doesn't know how to shoot, my dear. I've heard my husband say that a good shot always hits the bird on the wing."

A lady recently asked her servant how the mustard-pot had become cracked. The reply, made with all gravity, was that she did not know, but supposed it must have been that the mustard was so strong that it caused the fracture.

Physician, to his patient, a hurried business man on the verge of bankruptcy: "And, above all, preserve entire equanimity of mind; have no cares, no trouble."

Patient: "Thanks, doctor, for your prescription. By-the-way, where can I have it made up?"

"What did you wear last night?" asked the celery.

"A lovely mayonnaise," replied the lettuce. "And you?"

"I was never so mortified in all my life; I wasn't dressed at all," said the celery; and the beet blushed.

The following doubtful compliment is a fragment from a love letter: "How I wish, my darling Adelaide, my engagements would permit me to leave town and come and see you! It would be like visiting some old ruin, hallowed by time and fraught with a thousand recollections."

Visitor: "How beautifully still the children sit while you talk to them."

Sunday-school Superintendent: "Yes, I've got them pretty well trained. I told them right at the start that every time I caught a boy squirming around in his seat while I was making a speech I would talk 10 minutes longer."

"How do you do, Sallie? How do you do? I ain't seen you in sich a time. How is you, nohow?"

Sallie, grasping the old darkey's hand and giving it a cordial shake: "I'se still a-kicking, thank you, uncle Tom, but I ain't kicking high. How you gitting on?"

"Well, Sallie, I'm still sticking together—in spots."

LOVE OF SCIENCE.—A little incident related in the Life of Audubon forcibly illustrates the patient, persistent, painstaking manner in which men of science, as well as men of letters, prosecute their investigations. It was while he was hunting in the forests of Louisiana that he discovered a tiny little woodbird hitherto unknown to the ornithologist. It was not so big as a wren, and was clad in a coat of such plain, sober gray that none but practiced eyes would detect it flitting in and out among the similar colored branches of the peculiar species of trees it inhabited. But, however humble the bird might be, to Audubon it was one of a charming and curious race of beings that interested him above all other living things, and to ascertain its history and habits was a matter of as much importance as though it were chief of the tribe. He therefore bent every energy of his intense and eager nature to the study of it. One night he came with the exciting news that he had found a pair which were evidently preparing to build a nest. Next morning he was up and off to the woods at daybreak, taking along with him a telescopic microscope. Erecting this under the tree that sheltered the almost invisible little creatures he was anxious to observe, he made himself a pillow of moss, and then lay quietly down on the ground, with his eye to the instrument, and remained throughout the live-long hours until nightfall, watching the movements of the secret and unsuspecting architects. This course he repeated day after day, for three weeks, without respite or intermission, and then he was able to tell, with minute and accurate detail, just what material these builders in the heart of the wood choose for their dwellings, how they put it together, and the number of days required to complete the process of incubation.

THE HAND OF GLORY.—Everybody who has read the "Ingoldsby Legends" knows the account of the Dead Man's Hand, but it is not so generally known that witches were in the habit of using a dead hand in their nefarious proceedings; they would place it inside the intended victim's door and thereby diseases were induced. It was likewise used to find out treasures; no bolt or lock could withstand its influence, and no human being could resist the sleep or lethargy that its presence caused.

The way the Hand of Glory was prepared was the following: It was necessary that it should be the hand of a man who was hanged for murder, when this was procured it was wrapped in a piece of winding-sheet, drawing it tight, so as to squeeze out the little blood that might remain; then it was placed in an earthenware vessel with saltpetre, salt and long pepper all finely powdered. It was allowed to remain in this pickle for a fortnight till it was well dried, afterwards it was exposed in the sun till completely parched, or, if the sun were not powerful enough, it was dried in an oven heated with vervain and fern. Next a candle was made with the fat of a hanged man, virgin-wax and Lapland sesame, this candle was put into the hand of Glory and lighted when wanted to be used.

FANS IN JAPAN.—There are many curious uses for in Japan. The umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a heavy one, shaped like a huge butterfly, the handle being the body, and rendered imposing by heavy cords of silk. The various motions of the fan constitute a language which the wrestlers fully understand and appreciate. Formerly, in time of war the Japanese commander used a large fan having a frame of iron covered with thick paper. In case of a charge it could be shut, and a blow from its iron bones was no light affair. One notable variety of fan is made of water-proof paper, which can be dipped in water, and creates great coolness by evaporation, without wetting the clothes. The flat fan made of rough paper is often used as a grain winnow, to blow the charcoal fires, and as a dustpan. The Japanese gentleman of the old school, who never wears a hat, uses his fan to shield his eyes from the sun. His head, bare from childhood, hardly needs shade, and, when it does, he spreads an umbrella, and with his fan he directs his servants and saves talking.

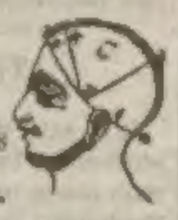
CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

The well known Phillips Excursion Company have arranged to run weekly excursions to all principal California and other Pacific Coast cities from all points on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

The parties will leave the East on Wednesday of each week, commencing January 17th, and passengers will be booked through to destination. There are no Pacific Coast tours offering as good accommodations at less expense. For full information address A. Phillips & Co., No. 111 S. 9th Street, Philadelphia, or call on nearest ticket agent B. & O. R. R. Co.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia,
Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '65. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Bright's Disease

and all other stubborn complaints of the Kidneys, Liver, and Stomach, can be cured by the great mineral specific,

Bedford Water.

Bottled just as it flows from the spring, absolutely pure and unadulterated. Prescribed by the eminent physicians of the day, and every day growing more popular. Sold by druggists.

A beautiful book of interesting facts mailed *Free*.

BEDFORD MINERAL SPRINGS CO.,
BEDFORD, PA.

Trade supplied at 1004 Walnut St.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1026 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

LEAVE READING TERMINAL, PHILADA.

Buffalo Day Express (Parlor Car)	daily 10.30 a m
Chicago Vestibuled Flyer Through Sleeper to Chicago	daily 6.45 p m
Chicago and Buffalo Express Through Sleeping Cars	daily 10.00 p m
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k d's 8.35, 10 a m, 4.00 p m
W'msport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.35, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars, p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.40, 10.30 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 10.00 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.30, 10.30 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 10.00 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 600 S. Third street, 3861 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

PATENTS

Caveats, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights,

And all Patent business conducted for

MODERATE FEES.

Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address

PRESS CLAIMS CO.,
JOHN WEDDERBURN,
Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

☞ This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of **protecting their subscribers** against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.

DEXTER SHOE CO., Inc'p. Capital, $1,000,000. BEST $1.50 SHOE IN THE WORLD.

"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."

This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note for $1.50. Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for $2.50. We make this boot ourselves, therefore we *guarantee* the *fit, style and wear*, and if any one is not satisfied we will refund the money or send another pair. Opera Toe or Common Sense, widths C, D, E, & EE, sizes 1 to 8 and half sizes. *Send your size; we will fit you.* Illustrated Catalogue FREE

DEXTER SHOE CO., 143 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Special terms to Dealers.

RUPTURE

PERMANENTLY CURED OR NO PAY.

Call or write for Philadelphia Bank References.

We refer you to 2,500 patients.

No Operation. No Detention from Business.

Written guarantee to absolutely Cure all kinds of Rupture of either sex without use of knife or syringe, no matter of how long standing. Examination Free. ☞ Send for Circular.

THE O. E. MILLER CO.
Rooms 503 to 505 Mutual Life Bldg.
10th & Chestnut Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DETECTIVE We want a man in every locality to act as private Detective under instructions. Experience unnecessary. Send stamp for particulars. NATIONAL DETECTIVE BUREAU, Indianapolis, Ind.